lightworks

No. 6 A Journal of Images, Ideas & Information December-January, 1977

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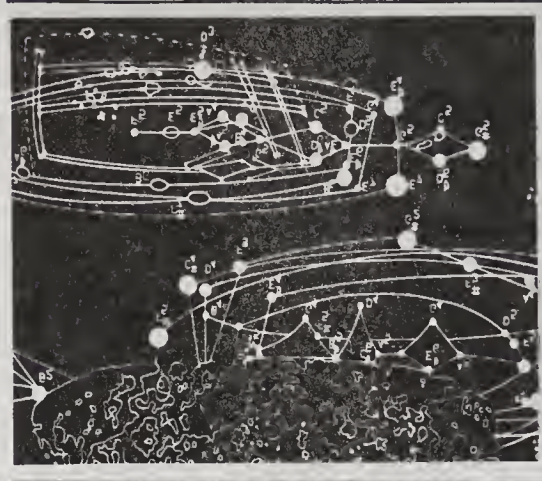
Burroughs p.12 Contents p.3

Don Hudson

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

Contents

Time On Time 5
By Michael Grofsorean



George Cacioppo, composer, musician and early member of the Once Group rejects the gurgeling and burbeling of pop electronics as he talks about indeterminate music and its historical development; featuring some of his more graphic compositions.

The Way Theatre Ought To Be 8
By Peter W. Ferran

This critique of the "North Beach Gang. . .", a play written by Steve Kronovet and performed this summer in Ann Arbor, proves that playgoing need not be taken as a sleeping pill and can actually strike new life into theatrical forms.

Xerography 10
By Charlton Burch

Beyond business, Xerox holds tremendous social potential for the arts and graphic communications. This article traces history, process and consequence of the ubiquitous copy machine.

From Here To Eternity 12
By William S. Burroughs

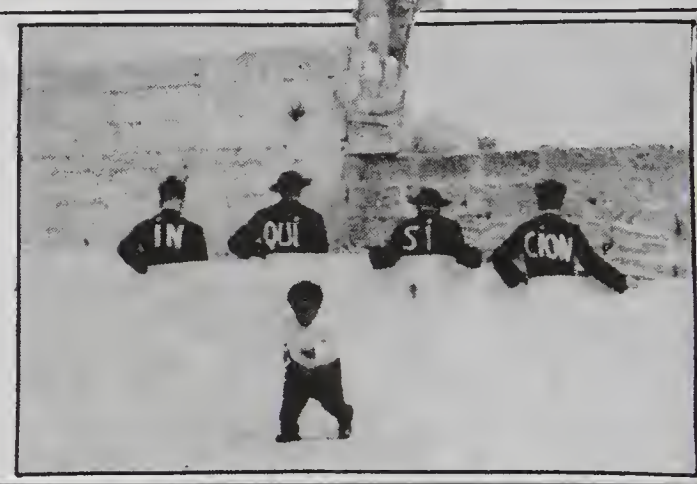
Operation W. O. G. (Wrath of God) plots our future via the ravings and dementia of Old Sarge, just one of our gallant fighting men.

Interview: William S. Burroughs 14
By Telesis Video

Burroughs speaks on inevitable developments stemming from psychic and biological control in a rapidly encroaching technology.

Guernica 27
By Luis Argueta

Notes from the journal of the assistant director to Arrabal, anarcho-surrealist playwright and filmmaker, reveal the trials and tribulations of the production of his latest film.



Floating Theatre 23
By Robin Graubarth

Inflatable environment as a public multi-media event realized by the Dayton-based Contemporary Media Study Center.

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PUBLISHER Eric Keller

EDITORS Charlton Burch Eric Keller

DESIGN Eric Keller Charlton Burch

CONTRIBUTORS

Vin Amour, Luis Argueta, Peter Bird, Lionel Biron, Charlton Burch, William S. Burroughs, Contemporary Media Study Center, Peter Ferran, Robin Graubarth, Michael Grofsorean, Don Hudson, Eric Keller, Bill Short, Stuart Smithe, Telesis Video, Jill Van Dyke & Hernando Vernacular

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For further information on available services, contact: Michigan Council for the Arts, 1200 Sixth Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48226

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Back cover: *Sky T.V. Poster; conceived by Peter Bird & Richard Mandeberg, realized by Eric Keller*

Send all correspondence & inquiries to: lightworks, 1225 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

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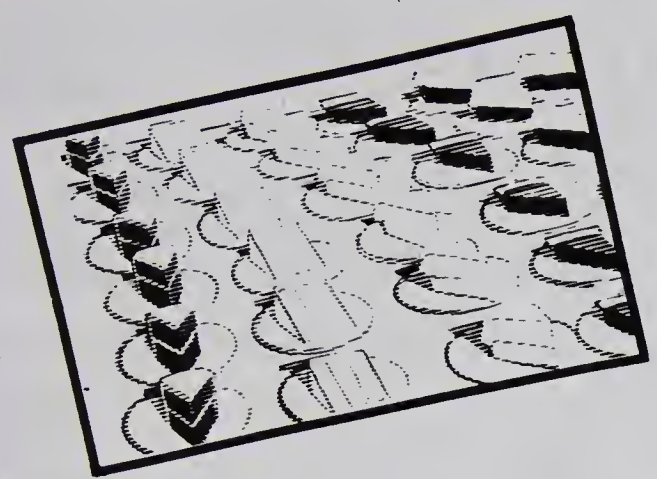


Slick and together.

Richard Burns
Vicki Honeyman

Dear Charlton:

Thanks for LIGHTWORKS and for the listing for inclusion in INTERMEDIA. And thanks for the kind words. LIGHTWORKS is pretty darn good too.

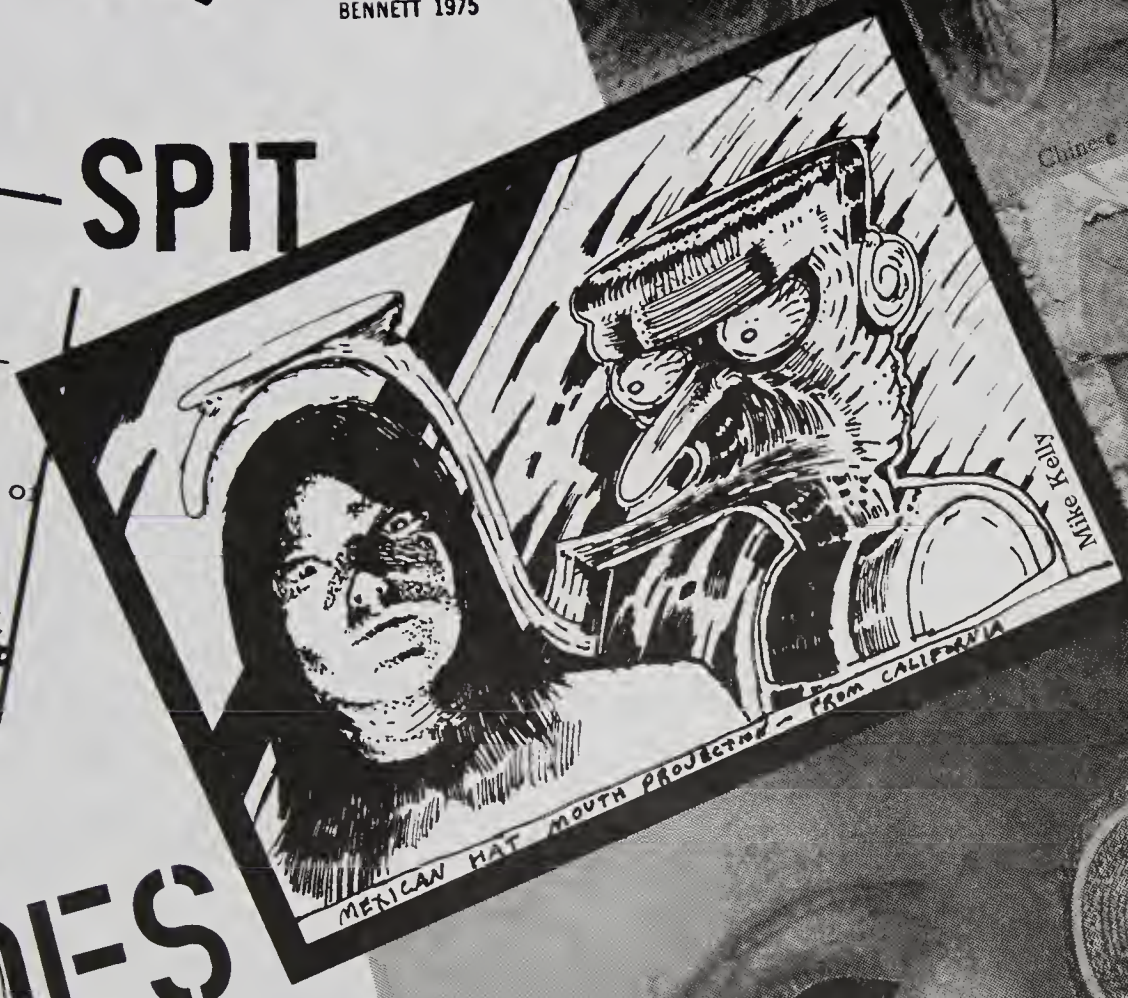
Will be sure to mention you in issue (which has been delayed past the first of the year.

Best --

Harley

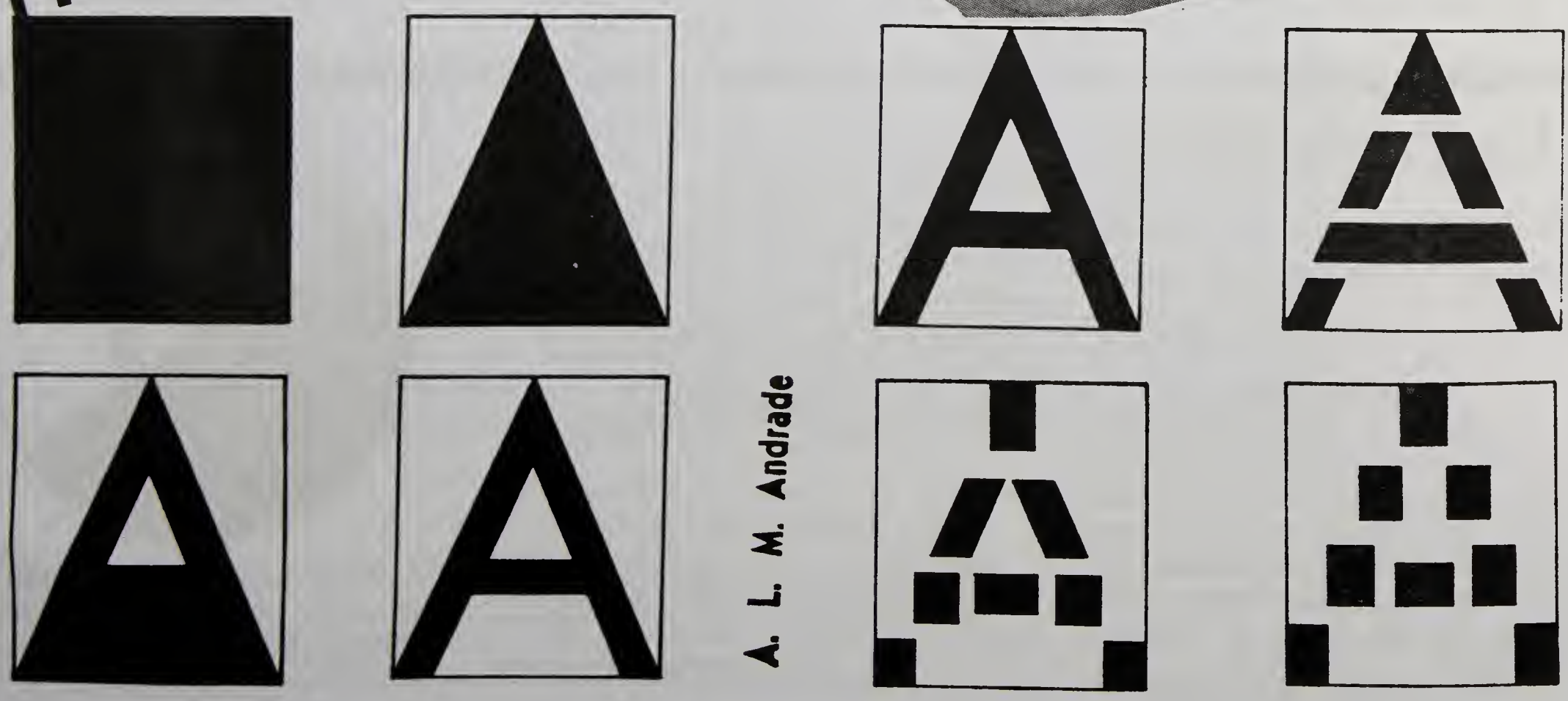
Harley INTERMEDIA
2431 ECHO PARK AVE.
LOS ANGELES, CA.
90026

SPIT



ART WHO DOES IT BELONG TO

Rolf Staeck

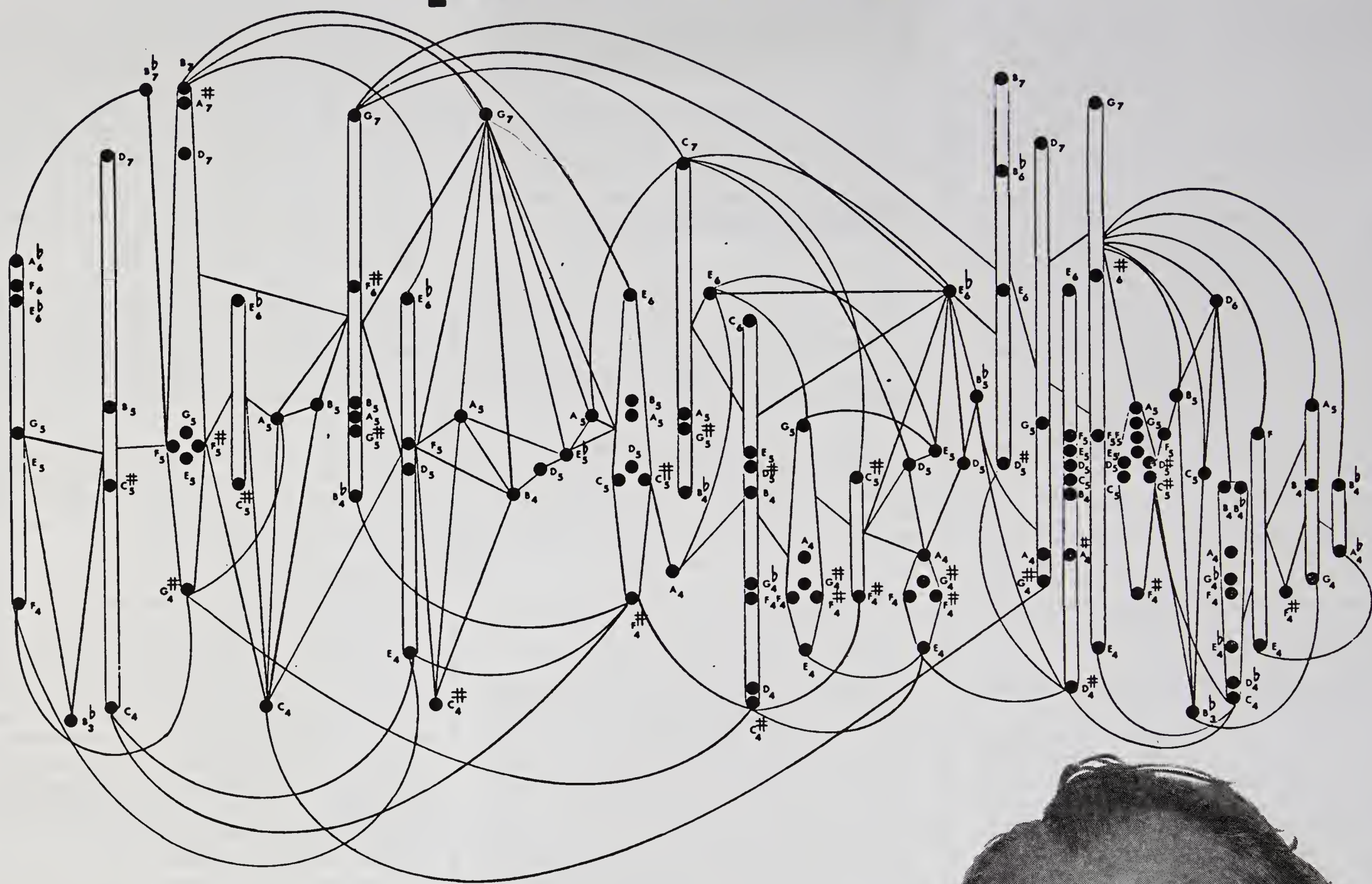


A. L. M. Andrade

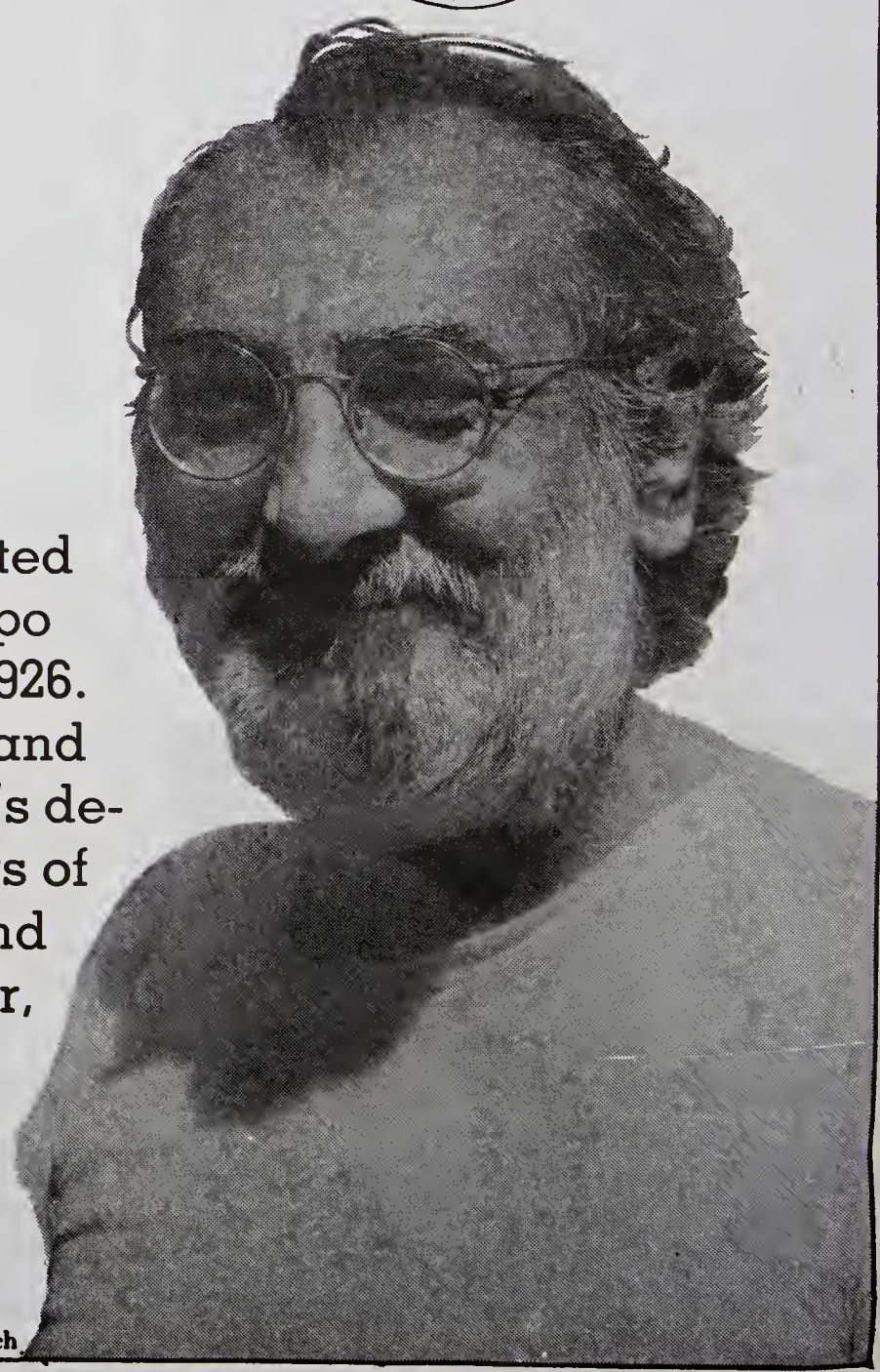
Time On Time

Conversations With George Cacioppo

By Michael Grofsorean



On December 6th and 13th, 1975, the music of composer George Cacioppo was featured on "Contemporary Music"— a weekly program devoted to new music on WDET-FM in Detroit (101.9). Mr. Cacioppo is an Ann Arbor composer born in Monroe, Michigan in 1926. He studied chemistry and music at U of M between 1946 and 1952, taking a bachelor's degree in music and a master's degree in composition. He was one of the charter members of ONCE group and was active with ONCE between 1960 and 1968. He has studied with Ross Lee Finney, Leon Kirchner, and Roberto Gerhard and has been a part-time lecturer in composition at U of M. He presently works as a broadcast engineer at WUOM and hosts a weekly program entitled "New Music" (Mondays, 10:00 pm), in addition to composing.



Bob Kalmbach

The first of the two programs Mr. Cacioppo did with Contemporary Music host Mike Grofsorean was largely biographical in nature as it focused on Mr. Cacioppo's development as a composer and musician. The second program was "open-ended" and dealt with a variety of problems, trends, etc., in new music. Excerpts were transcribed from recordings of these programs (which were done live) and are given below.

Excerpts from December 6th broadcast:

A. Before we broke for that piece, we talked about your formal education. You mentioned that you got your masters in composition from UM and also did a bachelor's in music at that school. I'm wondering, especially in light of your work in new music, with the ONCE group and similar activities, what a formal education in music composition gave you and what it may not have given you.

Q. I learned a lot from Ross Lee Finney—a lot of the basic elements of composition such as the spacing and definition of musical ideas. These experiences were very helpful in the teacher-pupil relationship. There was all of the exposure to the usual academic subjects like counterpoint and harmony and so on. That gives you a background of working with materials of music of the past. But it wasn't directly useful in the work I had begun doing after I got out of school. I just had to invent a new language for myself, or glean it from other composers writing in my time.

Q. What year did you finish your masters?

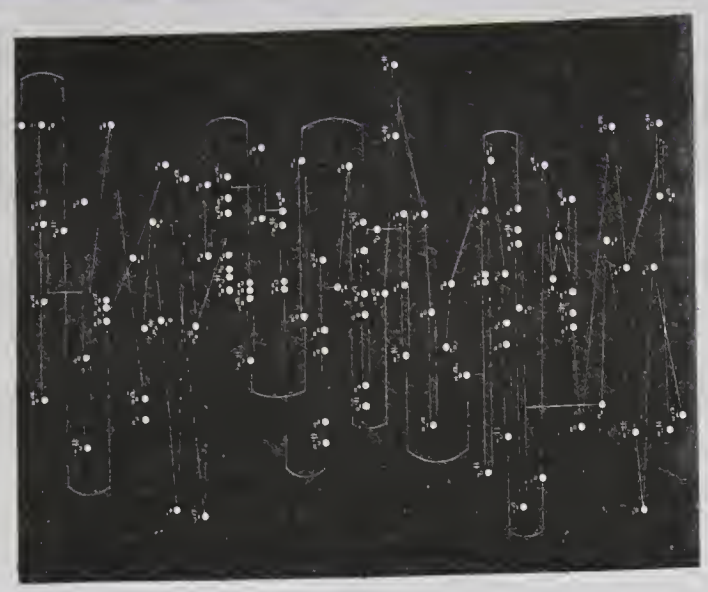
A. 1952. There was another period of study on my own after finishing college. I studied scores, I analyzed scores, I listened to a lot of music, and I realized that I just started really learning what music was about, what the *new* music was about. College was just a beginning.

Q. Do you think that's still true for people studying today?

A. Yes, I think so. You cannot be a professional composer in five years. You have to work at it much longer than that before you arrive at a style, before you have enough technique, to do many things that you might want to do as a composer. You can't be an artist in five years. That's a misconception about going to college when you study the arts. You can perhaps be an english teacher, you can perhaps be a teacher of mathematics, but not a creator of something in five years. You get the rudimentary knowledge of your craft in college, and its pretty basic. In Europe, if you're going to be a musician, you don't even think about being a composer until you've studied maybe 10 or 15 years in conservatory, and you start when you're ten.

Q. So, when you finished your academic work in 1952 there was a period of 8 or 9 years before you became involved in the ONCE group. Do you think you were prepared to write "maturely" when the ONCE festivals came about?

In addition to hosting his weekly radio program, "Contemporary Music," (WDET-FM; Saturday nights from 8 to 9 p.m.) Michael Grofsorean is a jazz promoter for Eclipse Jazz, a composer and a full time medical student at the University of Michigan.



A. Oh, I had learned a lot of things, but I didn't think in those terms really. I just wanted to learn. A composer never says he's really fully prepared. It's true that it takes a lifetime, or a long time to be an artist. But I think I was more mature by the time ONCE began to happen in the late fifties and early sixties.

Q. We should probably talk about what the ONCE group was. We're probably going to come back sometime in the summer and do a series of programs on the ONCE festivals. But I think it's important, as far as understanding you as a composer, that we give people an idea of what that was all about.

A. It was a performing group, basically, that started in the late fifties. We had our first concert in the winter of 1961. A concert of new music, music that was not known too much in this country, both by American and european composers. A lot of new things were happening in music.

Q. For me, one particular concert seems to capture what ONCE was about—the concert on the roof of the Maynard Street parking structure.

A. Yes, that was in 1966. In the beginning the ONCE group was not only a group of composers, but also architects, sculptors, poets, and so on. Artists in communion with one another and with their own community (Ann Arbor), cooperating to create works of art and concerts. This 1966 concert was on the top level of the parking structure. By this time the group had defined itself in areas which now have come to be called mixed-media. The wall that was built on top of the structure was associated with the *Unmarked Interchange* of Robert Ashley—a multi-media work. It was a wall that was six feet thick, perhaps 18 to 20 feet high. It was not only a wall, but a building. There were panels that were exposed to the audience, and these panels moved to reveal interior events. On the surface of that structure (the wall), when the panels were not moved, was shown a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie—"Top Hat." So this gave the time frame for the events of *Unmarked Interchange*, because that was the length of the movie, of course, and it was continuous. But while that was going on, other events took place, the panels moved, interior scenes were revealed of various kinds, people relating to each other in little dramas, music issued forth. This is very difficult to describe because so many things were going on. It was a multi-media, multi-dimensional artistic event.

Q. So that reflects the sort of atmosphere and presentation the ONCE group projected throughout the sixties until about 1968.

A. Right.

Excerpts from December 13th broadcast:

Q. The piece we started with, called *Cassiopeia*, a variation on the name Cacioppo, is an example of indeterminant music. I'll let George explain what "indeterminant music" means.

A. Indeterminant music refers to a kind of music making that every time it's performed, the piece turns out to be different in shape, that is, the way it hangs together. Something very similar to that happens when jazz musicians improvise on a tune or chord progression. Everytime a tune or set of chords is used, the piece is going to be different. In a piece like *Cassiopeia*, the materials that I give are not chord progressions nor are they melodies, but they are great strands—its the only way I can describe them—of notes that are connected by intersecting lines like a grand network.

Q. This is what the score looks like?

A. Right. The reason I did it that way was to give the performer an opportunity for his eye to roam about the score and stimulate him to find perhaps a more unique way of realizing the notes, the music. There's sort of a graphic-visual aspect, psychological-visual aspect of reading the score and this encourages the performer to be open and free in his interpretation.

(another version of *Cassiopeia* aired: Ashley-Mumma realization)

Q. Why write an indeterminant piece?

A. It's like wanting to see a cloud go by or a sunset, knowing that every time you see it, the experience and the images will be different. It's a kind of situation where it's not all that different every time, but to have a situation that is fresh and surprising every time it happens. Like jazz.

Q. Couldn't you achieve fresh and surprising music in other ways? And write a number of variations? Much of Debussy's music, for example, is very fresh sounding without being indeterminant. What do you gain by this method?

A. That freshness is due to first encounter with the object (Debussy's music). But everytime you encounter that object, it is going to be the same. And the Debussy after a while will not be fresh if you play it too much. If you don't play it too much and come back to it later, then the mind has an opportunity to rest and then perhaps it's a little fresher. But there are other kinds of music making or art making where you want the unexpected. You want the improvisatory, the spontaneous, you want to see what will happen. It's curiosity, in part, but also being free from ideas of order. Ideas of order have a certain kind of destiny about them.

Q. Cage's music, for example, is indeterminant in many cases. Cage writes pieces where the interpreter—the performer/realizer—has the freedom to have a new freshness every time. But I know his music, as do many of the listeners to this program, and your music and his don't sound at all alike. How is it that you maintain indeterminant structure in your music, but still don't sound like John Cage?

A. That's interesting. It raises the question: What is given in an indeterminant piece? Well, you have to talk about the universe of materials given and the possibilities. You frame or select a group of notes or a group of actions, the way the notes are played, the selection of instruments, and have these different things interrelate in different ways. You might set up rules of interaction, perhaps. Not too many, but some. That's one kind of indeterminant piece; indeterminant with respect to its performance. Most indeterminant pieces are indeterminanat in their performance, like jazz or *Cassiopeia* or some of John Cage's pieces. The particular, unique selection of materials prior to performance that the composer has thought out, may account for the differences between indeterminant compositions.

Q. What were some of the choices that you made in *Cassiopeia*?

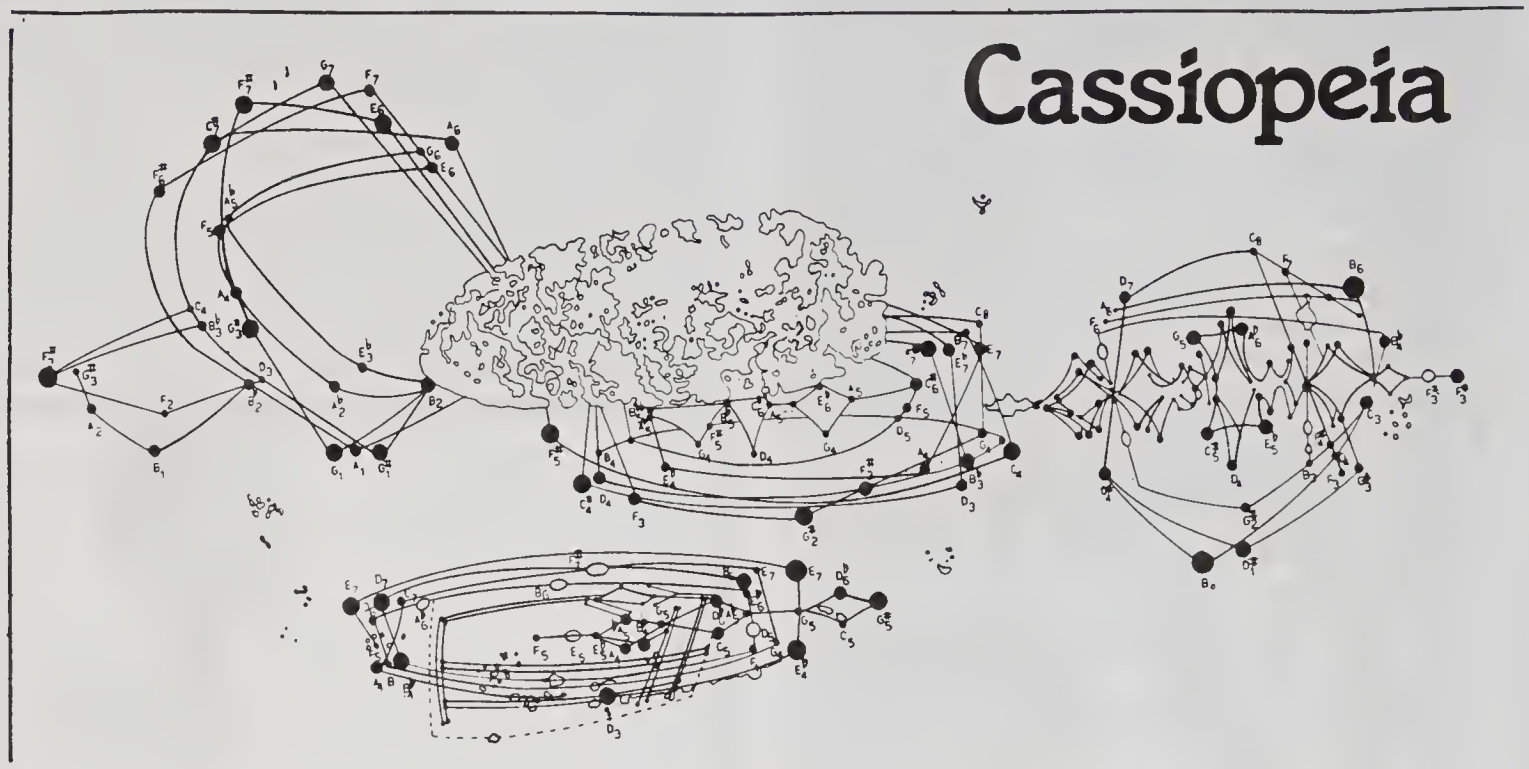
A. I chose all of the notes and all of the intervals between the notes. That is, the notes are clearly marked on the page as how they may or may not succeed each other.

Q. What about the tempo of the piece?

A. The timing is free, but the way the notes appear on the page lends itself to a non-metrical, or a kind of music without pulse. These two versions have that quality, that you're not marking time, 4/4, 3/4. You're just going through the network. And that process creates a non-quantized attitude towards time, where you're not marking time by regular beats.

Q. Do you think the visual appearance in itself has significant influence on the realization?

A. Yes, it does. That is one of the reasons it was all laid out on one page and was disposed the way it was. There is a psychology of vision that is involved. I just took a plunge. And it works. It works every time. People tend to do similar things when they read this score. They tend to be free in similar ways.



Q. How is it that you wrote a largely conventional work like *Nocture: In Memorium Bela Bartok* while you were a student and wound up writing music like *Cassiopeia* soon thereafter?

A. I guess everybody is subject to influences of their environment. *Nocturne* is a tonal work, and I loved and was influenced by Bartok. But I still has to find my own voice like any artist has to sooner or later.

Q. Do you think most artists accomplish this?

A. I think most do, one way or another. Not all of the voices are all that earth-shaking, but who's to tell? We do look at things and say they are more interesting than others, but that's irrelevant really. For the living artist, what's important is that he is doing his work. I was influenced initially by Bartok and then in short order I discovered Anton Webern. This is how I got interested in the modern trends. You might say I had my head in Europe for a long time. I learned a lot from studying how composers like Bach, Beethoven, and Bartok put their music together, but eventually I had to throw out all those ways of thinking and find new ways, because in addition to finding my voice, I was more interested in experimenting. I was influenced by John Cage, but mostly by the way he thought about things. I was influenced similarily by Edgar Varese. So for that reason, to find my voice in a new terrain, I made the turn. I didn't want to rely on what had become formulas in ways of forming music.

Q. Do you think you've been able to do this?

A. I've been successful with some of the works. With *Cassiopeia* and *Time on Time in Miracles*.

Q. Was that the home you found, and are you staying there, or are you moving in other directions?

A. I don't know. I really don't know. I haven't written much these past five years. I'm not sure why. Maybe I'm stuck. Presently, I'm writing an organ work* and I hope that will give a new direction. I'm always looking for a new direction. I've always wanted to write a piano concerto, but the piano would serve both as the solo instrument and the orchestra accompanying itself. The orchestral part of the piece would be constructed of sounds from the piano's innerds—electronically extracted from the piano as the work is performed. I don't know yet how I am going to do it.

Q. How much experience have you had with electronic music?

A. Not much, curiously enough. My *Holy Ghost Vacuum*—or *America Faints* is written for two-manual electric organ, and that sounds electronic, but that's about as close as I ever got. There's so much electronic music that sounds like looney-tunes to me. It just sounds goofey. It sounds science-fiction-like, mechanical. There's some interesting pieces here and there. I think *Poeme Electronique* by Varese and some early Stockhausen pieces are wonderful, but there's not too many. Most of it sounds mickey-mouse and I've never been attracted to it for that reason. I like some things that Gordon Mumma has done. Gordon Mumma has faced sound like a man, you might say. He's done some monumental pieces that don't have any of this sillyness. None of the left and right channel things, the gargleling, the burbleling, and so on. I'm thinking of *MESA* by Mumma. That's the kind of electronic music that I think really puts you in a new place.

Q. In what way?

A. The gestures have nothing to do with gurgleling and burbleling, walking and running and marking time. It's just new, fresh, strange, maybe there are gestures that one associates with slow moving amoebas. I don't know what it is, but is is fresh and different. And why would you want that? Because you want a new experience to enlarge your mind and soul.

Q. So a lot of the current electronic music is taking old forms, shapes, like a string trio, and pull out the violins and replace them with gurgleling here and burbleling there.

A. Right. They answer one another. There are several voices going in counterpoint and that sort of thing. But I've been trying to get away from counterpoint, from harmonic progression, all of these old gestures, the marching, the waltzing. But not the singing. There has to be some element that hits us at the core of our somatic being. I'm not saying I have a fetish to be different, but I want to enlarge my experience and my mind and hopefully other minds too. To create a situation that is really new and fresh, that will enlarge ones soul and mind when it occurs.

Q. Do you think music in general has taken this direction?

A. No. Most of it hasn't. Most of it is adapting itself to traditional values. Most of what you hear... that sounds really pompous. Lets say many of the things you hear, many of the so-called distinguished American and european composers are accomodating themselves to the new sounds, the new techniques, but are really retaining the old content—of drama, rhetoric, "I'll take you here," "I'll give you this truth," "I'll hit you over the head with this fifth symphony of mine." That whole kind of feeling, the classical feeling in music.

Q. A re-run or romantic music with 1970 sounds?

A. Yes. And some of George Crumb's music is that way. For example, the *Ancient Voices of Children* which is a beautiful work, it is a spanish flamenco, you might say, with funny sounds. There's a bolero right in the middle of it. Marvelous. OK. But let's make a distinction. What is the new music about? It's about something we don't know yet.

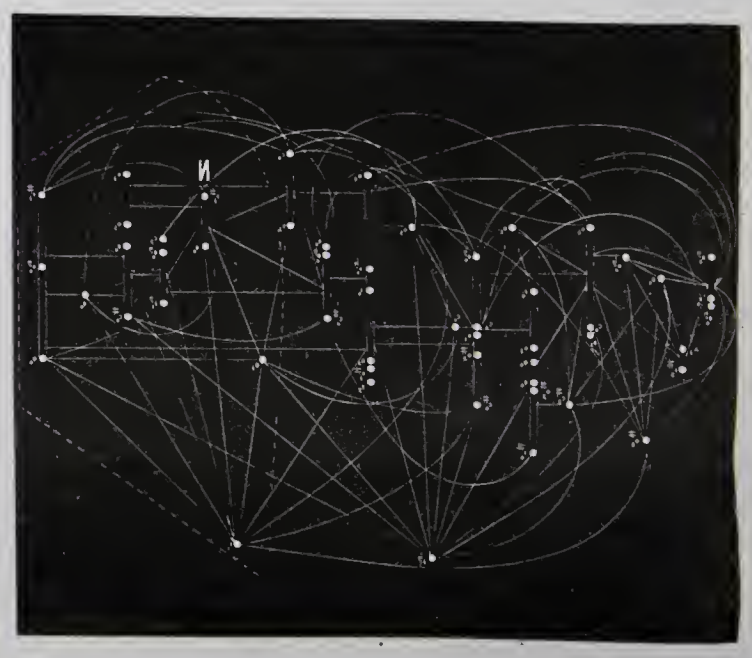
Q. Back to the piano concerto. Do you have any idea what is going to be exploding out of the insides of that piano?

A. You know, my best music has come about when I'm just working with the instrument directly, either in my imagination or working with the instrument with my hands and listening. I really don't know about the concerto yet. What I'll have to do is get a grand piano and get all kinds of electronic equipment and the help of some friends like Robert Ashley and Gordon Mumma. Then I'll be able to do something.

(while a piece was being aired a listener called in a question for Mr. Cacioppo...)

A. A gentleman raised the question: Wasn't what I was doing really old after all? That it was done in the past. Well, the way I've worked is from ground up, not worrying about scales or chords or anything like that. Just working with sounds. Starting primitively, in other words. And I suppose in my music and in John Cage's music and others, they've reduced the discourse to an extremely primitive level as far as relating materials. So I think he's right. Starting from scratch can bring you to a music that was already uttered long before all the european developments.

**This organ piece, entitled "Dream Concert" and commissioned by organist-composer-pianist William Albright, will be aired on Contemporary Music on Saturday night, January 8th, at 8 p.m. Along with the airing "Dream Concert," Mr. Cacioppo will be in WDET's studios for another open-ended discussion with MG and MDET listeners. A premier performance of a percussion work entitled "Moves Upon Silence" will be aired along with a live performance of "Cassiopeia."*



If actors in a play throw eggs at the audience, what becomes of theatre etiquette? Does the "show-must-go-on" rule apply in such a case? How long would theatre as we know it survive if such a thing became a regular practice?

The Way Theatre Ought To Be

By Peter W. Ferran

Last summer, in East Quad Auditorium, four actors playing teenage members of a 1915 San Francisco neighborhood gang pegged eggs in the direction of the audience to a new play by Steve Kronovet called "The North Beach Gang vs. the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco 1914-1915." Mr. Kronovet, who has acted, directed, written other plays and taught playwriting in Residential College, had once expressed (in this paper) his ideas about resuscitating theatre in our time—ideas such as introducing popcorn and new plays into the theatre, and razing all Power Centers. With this new play, he and director Christine Child, along with sixteen other members of the R.C. Summer Theatre company, worked hard to overcome the local obstacles to the staging of original scripts and the securing of congenial stages. They rehearsed the play with a respect for its as yet uncelebrated worth, but at the same time they exercised a critical disposition and experimental means that allowed them to alter the text. And they knuckled under to what some people call the "harsh reality" of paying $425 to rent the 225-seat theatre in East Quad,

Director Christine Child

asking friends to invest money in the production. Such a combination of entrepreneurial conventionality and experimental production methods is a paradox peculiar to our post-revolutionary times.

The egg-throwing made me recall that a couple of years ago some people threw tomatoes at the scenery of a University Players' production of Brecht's *Life of Edward II* and then shouted a brief dialogue back and forth across the Power Center auditorium, the import of which was that Brecht was not coming through because the production, chiefly its beautiful scenery, was putting people to sleep. As I watched the rest of Kronovet's play, I marvelled at how definitely it breathed certain of Brecht's ideas: that only by a concrete actualization of performance details can real contact with an audience be established; that only thus will the play truly entertain; and that the audience's enjoyment will consist partly in recognizing that such contact with them *is* being made. Moreover, Kronovet's dramatic story was communicated by a variety of theatrical devices, and his principal dramaturgical impulse was to render familiar things strangely.

One of those familiar things is playgoing itself. It is an activity so laden with habitual assumptions (in spite of all the assaults made on them by experimental theatre groups in the '60's) that many theatre-goers these days can suffer a mild boredom in Power Center or Stratford's Festival Theatre without identifying it as such. When everything about the well-known play and its means of production is comfortably recognizable as "belonging to the theatre," any disappointment, however vaguely felt, is assumed to be germane to the art. Some people even think that their dissatisfaction is due to their own ignorance of the "fine points" of the play or the art. Such habitual thinking even works in reverse: the reputation of the playwright, the competent construction and painting of the scenery that fills the proscenium arch, the conventional acting, and an explanatory program note all combine with the season ticket holder's familiarity with the Performing Arts Center's parking, seating, toilet locations, and coat-hanging apparatus to confirm him in his belief that he has spent a gratifying evening in the theatre. This explains how the man behind me in Power Center last December could snore through most of the American Bicentennial Theater's preview of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and yet go out declaring, "Now *that's* the way theatre ought to be." Some people seem to have lost the ability to distinguish between dreaming and waking in the theatre.

About Kronovet's "North Beach Gang..." and its unpretentious staging there were literally dozens of familiar-strange things given to the audience's waking enjoyment. To cite a few: The first scene gave us an old man in a chair eating peanuts, who says: "Good evening. In this production I play the part of Henry Levanich's grandfather. I, Henry Levanich's grandfather, died in the autumn of 1903, when Henry was still a small child, after a long and fruitful life." This calls attention to the *theatrical* reality ("I play the part of—"), which, along with the peanuts in heaven, are characteristic elements of Kronovet's dramatic style. It insistently pricks the audience into fresh activities by placing something they have seen and heard countless times into an incongruous context of either theatrical or human behavior, or both.

Another more complicated instance is a later scene in which gang leader Henry Levanich, in jail for attempting to disrupt the Exposition, takes off his clothes to greet the mayor of San Francisco, who is making an official tour of the jail. Oh, yes, (one might say), a tried-and-true comic bit. Oh, boy, (others might say), a nude scene! But as the clothes fall away, whatever sensational impact we might assume to be taking force in the audience is instantly shivered by the Mayor and Jailer's entering, opposite, on the punch line of an ethnic joke. Then, as we watch the nude man stalk in a small circle, we simultaneously listen to the mayor give a speech in a passionate defense of the idea of an International Exposition, a speech with such vivid lines as: "There will be palaces with arches which will make the sky real for you." What happens to the audience in this incongruous encounter of fictive attitudes and perceptual sensations is strange indeed, not at all in accord with such general expectations as "shocking" or "titillating." Instead of the sensation of a nude body proving a distraction to the Mayor's speech, his oratory, at once genuinely fired and typical to the point of caricature, threatens to distract our attention from the nude actor! It would be tempting to conclude from this experience that nudity is more boring even than satirical caricature, if it were not very clear that, by this deft manipulation of familiar phenomena, Kronovet pushes our perceptive faculties into the uncommon realm of operation in which it is possible to *think* of nudity while *sensing* speech.

Another arresting instance of a scene which touches the audience uniquely is the one which depicts the quintessential disposition of the soldier in battle: palpable dread of death. Roberts, the gang member who volunteers to fight for the French in World War I, appears alone in a French military uniform and, to ward off his dread, sings twelve verses of "Yankee Doodle." Kronovet's stage direction calls for him to sing "in a sweet voice, maybe dancing a bit too." Near the end of all the verses, two French soldiers enter and listen silently to him. When he finishes the last

Playwright Steve Kronovet

verse ("I took my hat off, made a bow,/and scampered home to Mother!"), one of the French soldiers asks him, in French, what the name of the song was, and the second re-asks, in accented English, "Was that your Yankee Doodle?" Roberts nods; the soldier tells his French comrade, "Yankee Doodle." Then the first says, again in French, "Tell him I didn't understand the words, but I like the way he sang it." This gets translated for Roberts as "He says he doesn't understand English, but he likes the way you sing." Roberts, touched, thanks the unilingual Frenchman, who salutes and repeats the English "thank-you." Everyone laughs. A bugle sounds nearby, cutting the laughter short. The lights fade quickly.

Of the numerous things to appreciate about this scene, the use of song is paramount. The American audience, who should but probably do not know all the lyrics to "Yankee Doodle," will hear them in estranged form, for Roberts wears a foreign uniform and sings them for a distinctive purpose. But then, hearing the French and accented English opinion that Roberts' singing was pleasing although the words were incomprehensible, we in effect hear the words for a second time. It is only then that we recognize not only their full ironic import but also the total force of the scene, whose components include fear, singing-and-dancing, a familiar melody, the story of the song, the fact of World War I, the idea of other American wars, loneliness, simple human emotion, soldierly comradeship, international implications. All of these ideas and feelings constitute the complex fabric of this disarmingly gentle scene and inform its crucial meaning for the structure of the plot. That crux is, simply, that this character Roberts finds the human contact which satisfies his con-

Peter W. Ferran is a theatre critic and professor of drama at the U of M Residential College.

fused yearning for sense in his life. That's all. But the art of it is wonderful.

Let us now consider the categories of "familiar" and "strange" in the context of that troublesome question of "the way theatre ought to be." This will get us back to egg-throwing by the actors and tomato-throwing by the audience, which might be considered complementary breaches of theatre etiquette. In "The North Beach Gang. . .," the egg-throwing occurs at the end of the second scene, in which the gang prepares to disrupt a ground-breaking ceremony for the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1914. One moment they are fictional characters, hefting eggs in their baseball hands as they agree: "But we're not gonna let it happen, are we?" The next moment they are mischievously grinning kids without definable identity, advancing downstage as the house lights come up and winding up to throw their eggs in our direction. And then, incredibly enough, they let go the eggs at us—or "close enough to worry us," as the play's stage directions say.

Steve Kronovet described the audience's general response to this action through all eight performances of the play:

"They like it, I think. Their response was a series of reactions: initially they were tentative ('what's going on?'); then they recognized that the actors were changing identity and that something unconventional, definitely not fictional, was about to happen; still, they didn't actually *know* that eggs were going to be thrown at them. Maybe they let themselves think there would be some last-moment trick, a lie that would make the apprehension their whole experience, I don't know. Then the eggs came, although they didn't actually hit anyone. Their attention was engaged intensely for the rest of the play, just because something real had occurred."

Christine Child, the director, said:

"It set them up to be sure that something *not boring* was going to happen for the next hour-and-a-half. It worked that effect, even though we had to compromise with the actors, who didn't want to throw real eggs and take the chance of hitting somebody. We ended up blowing the eggs and just throwing the empty shells. That really disappointed me; I wanted the actual SPLAT! against the walls and the real drippings. But the audience was not offended or outraged, and I don't think they would be with real eggs, either."

In the very next scene, three of the actors stood in the theatre's aisles, among us; once again fictional characters, they prepared to throw eggs at the presiding dignitaries of that distant Exposition of 1914, but from *our* midst. They talked back and forth over our heads about how many thousands of people were present, how far away the speakers were, and whether or not they could reach them with their eggs. Over a P.A. came the voice of the President of the United States, congratulating San Francisco for its patriotic initiative in thus honoring the opening of the Panama Canal. On the stage was only an American flag, hung on the rear curtain. The gang wound up to hurl eggs towards the far-off source of the voice; the audience saw the actors aiming at the flag; "One . . . two . . . three!" But before an egg could fly at that flag, militarily-uniformed Exposition guards descended on them with flailing clubs and dragged them off.

When we watch theatrically fictionalized characters prepare to cast eggs at figures of authority, we can identify the behavior as a symbolic act. It is thus comprehensible because we also attach that significance to the same act performed in real life. This instance, however, was complicated by the fact that the authorities aimed at were *virtually* out of the characters' sight and *actually* out of our sight. Moreover, the *idea* of authority was also present in the action, conveyed symbolically by the amplified voice of the President and by the hanging American flag. These symbols existed, furthermore, on two distinct planes of reality. Our imaginative faculty put the flag and the voice into the fictional reality inhabited by the gang, a reality made more vivid for us by one of them saying: "that platform with all the coats and ties on it is pretty far away." At the same time, our simpler cognition registered the fact that the actors in their real, theatrical presence would throw their real eggs (which they had just thrown at us!) at the only real target in sight, the American flag. Thus the symbolic act of those fictional characters was overlaid by the real act of the actors, and we in the audience had to perceive both acts in their distinct "meanings" simultaneously.

Photos by Peter Cross

By this point in the play, the audience's perception of the characters' and the action's proper "reality" was disjunct. This caused problems for ordinary and trained playgoers alike, for the following reasons. According to one convention of twentieth-century theatre practice, an audience cannot be expected to develop sympathy for characters who are not dependably fictional. According to another rule, the style of the play and the production should be unified—e.g., realistic, expressionistic, theatricalist, romantic, what have you. One of the most unfortunate consequences of teaching theatre artists and spectators to judge plays and productions by these criteria is that an initially erroneous assumption develops into an unquestioned aesthetic truth: that art imitates life best by simplifying it. Thus the best play is one which sticks to a single level of fantasy and to an undifferentiated mode of aesthetic expression, whereby its "unifying aesthetic principle" can be discerned, lectured on, and restated on exams and at cocktail parties. In this we may recognize another cause of drowsiness among today's theatre-goers: most production teams (amateur and professional), aiming to purvey a "unified" product, interpret the play on the safe side of simplicity rather than push their own abilities and the audience's percipience towards a risky complexity.

Nothing about "The North Beach Gang. . ." and its production was simple enough to satisfy this demand for a unifying principle explaining its "meaning." Indeed, this is something we should always be able to say of productions of established, great plays. But their very familiarity has made producers and audiences attend to them with a circumspection that usually reduces their complexity. A recent instance is a production of *Othello*, where the attempt to "explain" the behavior of characters realistically—i.e., in terms of a psychological-motivational consistency—only resulted in laughter when Desdemona spoke from beyond death or when Othello writhed in emotional consumption. It is less important that we be given simplified "reasons" why Iago sets out to destroy the Moor, or why the North Beach Gang wants to ruin the Exposition, than that we be invited to respond with full imaginative pleasure to those invented facts, those astonishing facts, of human behavior.

KRONOVET: "My only conscious intention is to get and keep the audience's attention. I notice that they're often bored in Power Center; I don't want them to be bored at my play. The surest ways to keep attention are to show them real things happening in a real theatre building and to tell an enjoyable story. . . . real nudity, actual beatings with clubs; real danger, music, and eggs; and a story about funny kids, a hard-luck jailer, a troubled youth, and two big political events."

CHILD: "The realness of theatre facts is part of the aesthetic. The actors must understand that really getting clubbed and throwing real eggs is artistically necessary. They resist this because they've learned that theatre is totally pretense and therefore they must develop skills of artifice; when audiences recognize this artificial behavior, which is usually not excellent enough, they get bored."

KRONOVET: "I think historical progress—in anything—is a myth; there's no such thing. But change always occurs and is necessary. You have to have revolutions, even though they never do what they're supposed to do. Maybe the whole play deals with this ambivalent feeling I have that revolution is necessary but that it won't make any difference. The gang says: "Let's go!" at the end of the pay, but then the voice announces that the Exposition opened on schedule, the only one ever to do that. So the gang failed to stop it. But it means something for people to do what they intend, regardless of the real outcome."

No matter what ideas or convictions of the author may be extracted from his play, it remains true that an audience must collaborate imaginatively with the performed text. This is what many habitual theatre-goers have either never learned or gradually forgotten how to do; but it is what all drama requires and what all productions should induce. If the charge to new playwrights and theatre artists is to revive attention and enjoyment in the playhouse and so revivify the theatre experience for a largely comatose theatre public, Kronovet's play and Child's production exemplify some ways to do it: mix styles, shift levels of fiction, tamper with established techniques of creating illusion, give the story a varied expositional density—in sum, offer audiences a richer mixture for their cognitive and imaginative ingestion than they are used to getting.

Perhaps "The North Beach Gang's" mixture is too rich for these times in which exhausting daily battles with life have produced yawning theatre lovers satisfied with unseasoned Shakespeare or re-baked O'Neill served soporifically. In any event, the theatre-restaurants in our Athens of the Midwest could certainly do with more of this vitalizing home-cooking, even if some of the tomatoes and eggs do not go politely into the pot.

XEROGRAPHY XEROGRAPHY

BY CHARLTON BURCH

OUT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL HOVEL OF THE SIXTIES SPRINGS XEROGRAPHY AS A POTENT AND VIABLE SOURCE FOR TRULY DEMOCRATIZED COMMUNICATION AND MEDIA ART FORMS. XEROGRAPHY, OR ELECTROSTATIC PHOTO-MECHANICAL REPRODUCTION OR XEROX, ITS NON-GENERIC, PATENTED TRADENAME, STANDS AS A VIRTUALLY INSTANTEOUS INFORMATION/IMAGE RECORDER. EVERY LIBRARY, OFFICE AND PUBLIC GATHERING POINT HAS ADOPTED THE TOOL AS AN ACCESSIBLE QUICK AND HIGH-QUALITY SYSTEM OF REPRODUCTION. THE CONSEQUENCE OF A HIGHLY-EFFICIENT WORD PROCESSOR IS ENORMOUS FOR THE BUSINESSWORLD. AS WELL THE SOCIAL AND ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES ALSO ABOUND.

NO LONGER DOES THE STRICTURE OF PRINT THROW AS FIERCE A BLOCK TO THE ASPIRANT. THE OLD ROLES OF PRODUCTION ARE TEMPERED AND SIMPLIFIED BY XEROGRAPHIC SYSTEMS, WHICH LITERALLY ALLOW ONE TO BE A CREATOR PRINTER, AND PUBLISHER SIMULTANEOUSLY. XEROGRAPHY HOLDS AND ALLOWS TREMENDOUS CREATIVE POWERS. IT IS EVERYWHERE AND THEREFORE IT IS OURS. I AM HARKENED BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD MECHANICAL DRAWING SLATE ETCH-A-SKETCH. BOTH MACHINES OFFER SPECIFIC CONSTRAINTS AN D UNLIMITED FREEDOM TO MOVE WITHIN THAT PROCESS. IT DELIGHTS ME THE SAME WAY. I ENJO Y THE SUBTLE AND VARYING GREYS AND THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF JUST WHAT ROLLS OUT. FACTORS AS TO THE FRESHNESS OF CHEMISTRY, SIMPLE LIGHT/DARK CONTROLS AND A PARTICULAR BRAND MACHINE ALWAYS R LEAVES ROOM TO NEGOTIATE AND BE SURPRISED. ALL THAT IS A LITTLE LIKE NICKELS IN THE GUMBALL MACHINE, TOO.

THE WORD, XEROGRAPHY, COMES FROM THE GREEK WORDS XEROS AND GRAPHIKOS MEANING DRY WRITING. ESSENTIALLY THE PROCESS INVOLVES PROJECTION BY HIGH INTENSITY LIGHTS THROUGH A SYSTEM OF LENS AND MIRRORS ONTO A DRUM WHERE AN ELETBOSTATIC CHARGE OCCURS WHICH PRODUCES BONDING OF A TONER, EITHER A LIQUID OR AS MORE COMMON A DRY POWDER, ONTO COPY PAPER CORRESPONDING TO AREAS OF BLACK OR GREYS ON THE ORGINAL. THE ELE-S CTORSTATIC NOT ION WAS INVENTED BY CHESTER CARLSON IN 1938. PATENT RIGHTS SERE PICKED UP BY HALOID PAPER WHICH IN TURN BECAME XEROX MAKING THE FIRST MAJOR DEBUT WITH THE 914, THOSE HUGH KL UNKY BROWN COPIERS OF 1962. RATHER THAN HOLD EXCLUSIVE PATENT RIGHTS TO XEROGRAPHY, WHICH WOULD EXPIRE IN A SHORT 7 YEARS, XEROX NEE HALOID MARKETED THE COPYRIGHT AT LOW RATES STIPULATING THAT SUBSEQUENT RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BY OTHER FIRMS WOULD BELONG TO THE SELLOR IN PART. THIS MOVE SPARKED A.B.DICK, I.B.M., 3M, KODAK AND OTHERS TO JUMP INTO THE MARKET. COM-

ELECTROSTATIC ELECTROSTATIC WERE KLUNKY PETITION WAS AND IS STEARN--BUT BY THE SAME TOKEN MUCH IN THE WAY OF PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT OCCURED. THIS GENERATING AND CULTIVATION OF NEW TECHNOLOGY PROVED EMINENTLY FRUITFUL TO THE AS YET SMALL XEROX CORPORATION. FOR FOR THE CONSUMER IT WAS AND CONTINUES TO BR BE CONSTANT MODEL CHANGES AND NEW PRODUCT LINES. AS BUSINESS SEEKS EVERY SPEC OF THE MARKET, MOST EVERY ADAPTION ADAPTATION TO SI ZE AND PERFORMANANCE IS DEEMED DESIRABLE. FLOORSTANDING DOCUMENT COPIERS, DESK-TOP COPE I RS, COLLATING MACHINES, ORIGINAL REDUCTION SYSTEMS, COMPUTER DRIVEN AND EVEN TELEPHONE TRANSMITTING PRODUCTS. CONTACT YOUR FAVORITE SALESMAN FOR DETAILS. NOW OF COURSE THE FULL COLOR COPIER APPROACHES. 3M IN 1969 PRODUCED A NOW DEFUNC T MODEL CALLED COLOR-IN-COLOR. BESIDES DOING ONE-TO-ONE REPRODUCTION THIS MACHINE DUPLICATES AND ENLARGES 35MM AND 2X2 FE ILM TRANSPARENCIES. ALSO A MATRIXING DEVICE ALLOWS THE THREE COLOR DYES TO BE SUSPENDED UNTIL THEY ARE TRANSFERED BY HEAT TO ANOTHER MATERIAL SUCH AS CLOTH. XEROX IS CURRENTLY DEVELOPING ITS 6500 MODEL WHICH DOES MUCH THE SAME. THE RESULTS ARE BEAUTIFUL. WHILE THE MACHINE FUMBLES WITH THE DARKER TONES, BLACK IS MUDDY GREEN, LIGHTER-BODIED COLORS COME UP SHINING. RECENT ARTICLES RELATE THAT STOCKBROKERS AND PAYMASTERS ARE WORRIED

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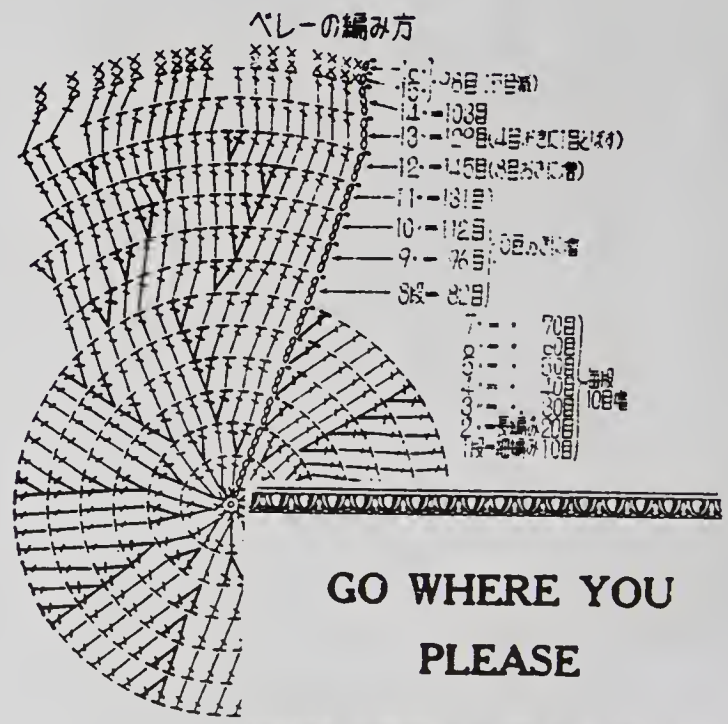

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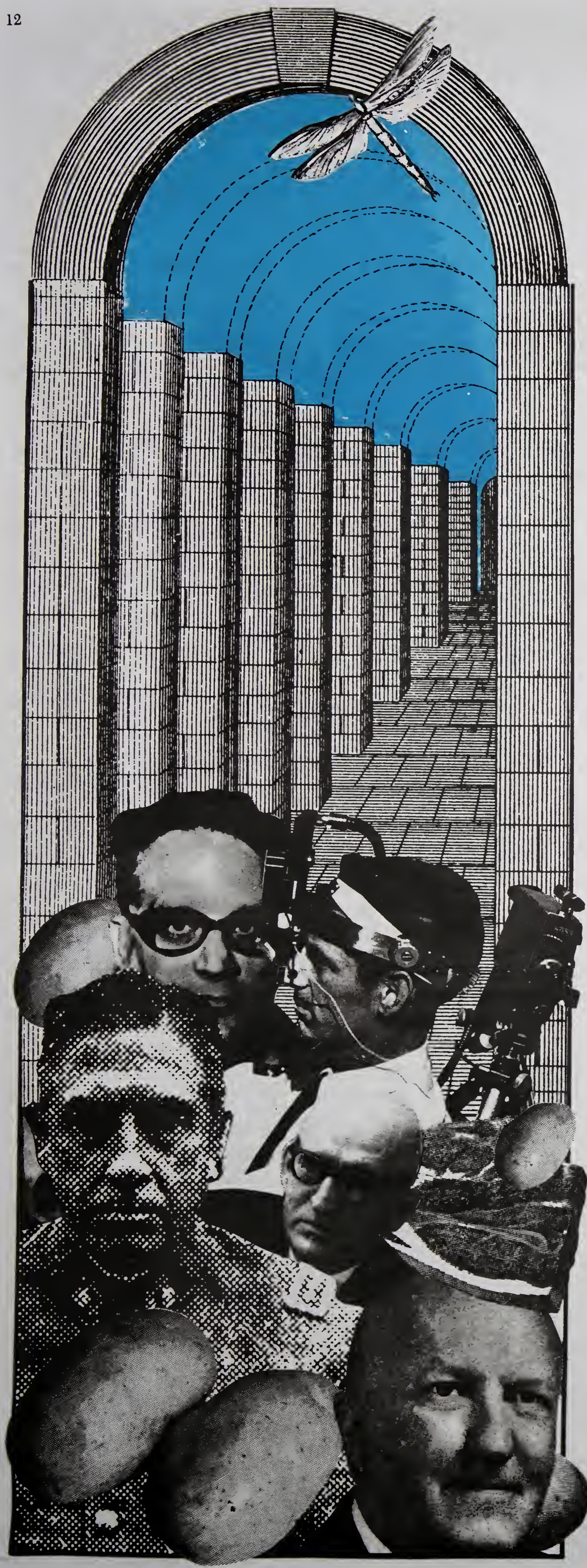


FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Excerpted from "The Wild Boys"

By WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

At Tent City a top-level conference is in progress involving top level executives in the CONTROL GAME. The Conference has been called by a Texas billionaire who contributes heavily to MRA and keeps a stable of evangelists. This conference is taking place outside St. Louis, Missouri because the Green Nun flatly refused to leave her kindergarten. The high teacup queens thought it would be fun to do a tent city like a 1917 Army camp. The conferents are discussing Operation W.O.G. (Wrath of God).

At the top level people get cynical after a few drinks. The young man from the news magazine has discovered a good-looking Fulbright scholar and they are witty in a corner over Martinis. A drunken American Sergeant reels to his feet. He has the close-cropped iron-grey hair and ruddy complexion of the Regular Army man.

"To put it country simple for a lay audience... you don't even know what buttons to push... we take a bunch of long-hair boys fucking each other while they puff reefers, spit cocaine on the Bible, and wipe their asses with Old Glory. We show this film to decent, church-going, Bible Belt do-rights. We take the reaction. One religious sheriff with seven nigger notches on his gun melted the camera lens. He turned out to be quite an old character and the boys from *Life* did a spread on him—seems it had always been in the family, a power put there by God to smite the unrighteous: his grandmother struck a whore dead in the street with it. When we showed the picture to a fat Southern senator his eyes popped out throwing fluid all over your photo grapher. Well I've been asparagrassed in Paris, kneed in the groin by the Sea Org in Tunis, maced in Chicago and pelted with scorpions in Marrakech so a face full of frog eggs is all in the day's work. What the Narco boys call 'society's disapproval' reflected and concentrated twenty million I HATE YOU pictures in one blast. When you want the job done come to the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. AND WE CAN

TURN IT IN ANY DIRECTION. You Limey has-beens..." He points to a battery of old grey men in club chairs frozen in stony disapproval of this vulgar drunken American. When will the club steward arrive to eject the bounder so a gentleman can read his *Times?*

"YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BANANA REPUBLIC. AND REMEMBER WE'VE GOT YOUR PICTURES."

"And we've got yours too Yank," they clip icily.

"MINE ARE UGLIER THAN YOURS."

The English cough and look away fading into their spectral clubs, yellowing tusks of the beast killed by the improbably hyphenated name, OLD SARGE screams after them..."WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS A BEAUTY CONTEST? You Fabian Socialist vegetable peoples go back to your garden in Hampstead and release a hot-air balloon in defiance of a local ordinance delightful encounter with the bobby in the morning. Mums wrote it all up in her diary and read it to us at tea. WE GOT ALL YOUR PANSY PICTURES AT ETON. YOU WANTA JACK OFF IN FRONT OF THE QUEEN WITH A CANDLE UP YOUR ASS?"

"You can't talk like that in front of decent women," drawled the Texas billionaire flanked by his rangers.

"You decorticated cactus. I suppose you think this conference was your idea? Compliments of SID in the Sudden Inspiration Department... And you lousy yacking fink queens my photographers wouldn't take your pictures. You are nothing but tape recorders. With just a flick of my finger frozen forever over that Martini. All right get snide and snippy about that HUH?... And you"... He points to the Green Nun..."Write out ten thousand times under water in indelible ink OLD SARGE HAS MY CHRIST PICTURES. SHALL I SHOW THEM TO THE POPE?

"And now in the name of all good tech sergeants everywhere..."

"OLD SARGE IS TAKING OVER."

Interview: WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

By TELESIS VIDEO

William S. Burroughs, author of numerous books and articles stands as a political philosopher and moralist of the times. His work oftentimes probes man's most malevolent nature with incisive understanding of motivational mechanisms. The Burroughs style embodies dream and unconscious association, being foremost graphic and tactile reportage.

The following interview was videotaped by Telesis Video in November, 1975 at the University of Michigan Teach-In where Burroughs delivered a lecture and reading on mind control.

Q. Do you see the mythology of power almost approaching original sin?

A. No, I think that power is something that becomes necessary. One of the main factors making power necessary, of course, is overpopulation. With a big city like New York, you have to provide services—food, power, police, firemen, and all that. No matter which government takes over, you have to do the same things, right? I mean, this "Everybody drop out and do your thing"—well fine, but undoubtedly millions of people would be starving in weeks. It was my feeling that people like Abbie Hoffman were not willing to take the responsibility for what they were advocating.

Q. Do you regard technology as a necessity once it is here?

A. Yes, because it enables the population to reach a point where they depend completely on technology, primarily communications. Food has to be brought into these cities if the people there are going to be able to live. Those cities could not have reached anywhere near such a large population without technology, which once there becomes necessary. Do you realize that New York in 1700 was a city of five thousand people?

Q. What about benevolent technology or de-conditioning? What avenues could that possibly take?

A. Well, I don't see how you can get any basic change in a state of overpopulation such as we see now. I mean, you can perhaps approximate a planned economy, but even so, the measures you take to deal with overpopulation merely aggravate the problem. So we're opening up South America as the only underpopulated country; well, that's going to mean more people. Or you can irrigate the Australian Outback—where is that going to lead but more and more people? In other words, you're simply going to aggravate the problem.

Q. I'm still a bit hazy on the legal status of apomorphine. Is it allowed in the country? (Note: Burroughs underwent apomorphine treatment to terminate his heroin addiction; apomorphine is derived from morphine by boiling in hydrochloric acid.)

A. Oh, you can get apomorphine, certainly. It's standard pharmaceutical product. But the Narcotics Department and the American medical establishment have never been interested in this treatment. You can have the apomorphine treatment if you can get a doctor to administer it.

Q. Is there research being done in the United States?

A. No. With all these experiments carried out at Lexington, and there have been many, nothing has resulted in effective treatment for addicts. I mean, methadone is just ridiculous.

Q. You talked of people having a vested interest in maintaining illness.

A. Remember that the narcotics industry is enormous, with the police, the people that sell drugs, the Mafia, and all these proliferating drug agencies of one sort or another. It's a billion-dollar industry—more than that. So I don't think the people engaged in it want it brought to an end.

Q. Do you accept that there is a formal tie between Governmental structure and the people actually selling the drugs on the streets?

A. It is absolutely clear. I don't know if you read the article in *Rolling Stone* about the three ex-narcs. You see, it used to be when the Federal Narcotics Bureau was comparatively small—and I've heard this from old-time addicts—that they were not on the take. Well, that is no longer true. It's more like Prohibition now. People go into it to become rich from graft and resale. The narcotics agents shake down the pusher, take all his money, steal his drugs and resell them... most of them use cocaine and pot themselves, but not heroin—because you can't really cover for that, at least not for long.

Q. You've talked about racially selective biological warfare agents. Can you elaborate?

A. This was developed by some Swedish scientist, and he published his findings in an American military journal. It depends on the differences in the enzyme systems of different races. Just as there are certain diseases to which some races are more subject than others. It's just carrying that further. "Genocide Made Easy" was the lead of the article.

Q. You spoke of introducing electronic devices in the brain through virus to the entire population.

A. There are certain chemicals that could serve as electrodes. These are known as peptides. It means that once these chemicals are there, they act pretty much as electrodes and can be activated by radio waves. See, the Delgado system is a little cumbersome, in that you have to plant electrodes in the brain. But apparently there are many ways of getting around that, and this has been done.

Q. If you have a large portion of the population taking drugs, such as L.S.D., it would be a very simple matter...

A. A very simple matter indeed.

Q. Then you're selecting culturally a particular group to take the drug?

A. Precisely, in just the same way that they could potentially control all heroin users; and that would be a selective segment of the population, predominantly Black and Puerto Rican, no doubt.

Q. Are you still using the cut-up method in your writing?

A. Yes, to some extent.

Q. How does that operate?

A. Well, it is simply applying to writing the old collage method that came into painting at the turn of the century. You see, this is really closer to the facts of perception than sequential narrative. Okay, you go out and

Telesis Video is a collective of local artists working in community and experimental video.

walk around in the city; come back and put down what you've seen on canvas... half a person cut in two by a car, part of a street sign. So it is much closer to the facts of perception, certainly urban perception, than representational painting or sequential writing. Exactly the same thing applies to words.

Q. Have you seen Robert Altman's *Nashville*?

A. I haven't seen it.

Q. Do you like his films?

A. What else did he do?

Q. *McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Brewster McCloud*–

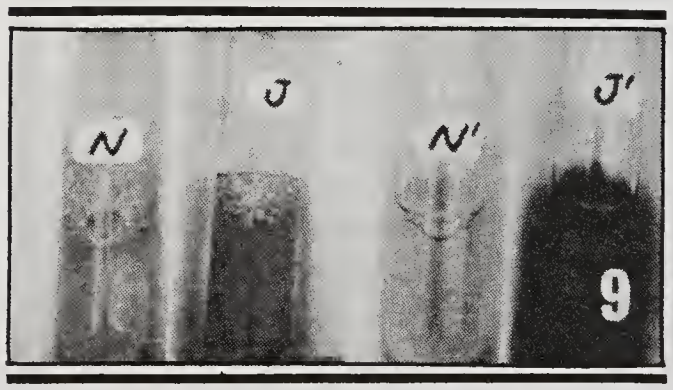
A. Wait a minute, *Brewster McCloud*? Oh that was terrible. I do remember that.

Q. You don't like the Icarus and Daedalus myth inside the Astrodome?

A. Well, I just didn't like the film. Nothing wrong with the myth. It certainly was a box-office disaster.

Q. Do you envision any different political ideology coming out of the Twentieth Century, centered around a technological mentality?

A. Unquestionably. What form that will take, I don't know. Certainly politics can't ignore technology. In *The Biological Time Bomb* by Taylor, his point is that biological discoveries that are not 300 years away, but 15 or 20 years away, could not be assimilated by our creaky political structure. That is, say they prolong life to 150 years. Well, we've got too many people *now*, and if this is at all selective, then who's going to decide? No existing social structure could undertake the decision-making as to whose life would be prolonged and whose wouldn't. So unquestionably, new political structures will be developed to keep up with the new discoveries in technology, particularly in the



area of biology.

Q. In *Nova Express*, you refer to "biological courts," and you make a case for the fact that only writers will be able to make those decisions regarding the future, because they are the only ones with the imagination that will be necessary in extrapolating on the situation. Do you see writers and other people in the arts becoming more important in that respect, even in an increasingly technological society?

A. Yes, because I feel that scientists are going to have to become more imaginative and writers more scientific. Something we're going to see in the next fifty to a hundred years is a breakdown of these rigid lines that now separate various disciplines... "this here is art and over there is science, and never the two shall meet."

Q. That idea seems well represented in *Gravity's Rainbow* by Pynchon. In it he had a distinct homage to you in the last part of the book, where there is a sacrificial hanging, a metaphor you often use.

A. I haven't read the book. I find it terribly hard going, although everyone tells me it's a great book.

Q. *Naked Lunch* is hard going too—

A. I'm sure it is, but not that hard.

Q. Moving on to the psychic frontier: What do you think of the projects of N.A.S.A., as counterpoint to your exploration of inner space? Can it be in any way beneficial as a metaphor to the populace?

A. It's my feeling that it is very beneficial. Just the demonstration that there is another point of view, that people can actually leave the planet physically. It's been one of the few public expenses that has been well worth what they've put into it. Of course, unfortunately it's such a limited thing. Only a tiny fraction of people can take part in it.

Q. A professor at Princeton by the name of O'Neill is putting together a floating satellite for space colonization (see *Co-Evolution Quarterly*), and he is calling for people to help with money and ideas and time. It's a sphere in space, but people will live on the inside in a controlled environment, rather than on the outside.

A. It seems to me that would be a very interesting development. I mean, if there were the possiblity of, say, regarding the earth as a landing field, and all sorts of people were taking part in actual space exploration, that might be one thing that would bring the planet together. So instead of the vast sums being spent on the outmoded military...

Q. In the book of interviews, *The Job*, you note man's ascent from the stone axe to nuclear weapons in 10,000 years, and bring up the question of whether this process could have occurred cyclically, a number of times. Was that a whimsical suggestion?

A. Not at all, because the human race, according to what they have discovered in the way of fossils, is certainly 500,000 and perhaps a million years old. And just what were they doing all that time? Also remember that the earliest artifacts are only 20,000 to 30,000 years old... of course, their artifacts could have been of wood or some perishable material, but on the other hand it is not at all inconceivable that they had reached the atomic age several times, and wiped everything out and started over. It might not have been the same atomic energy we know.

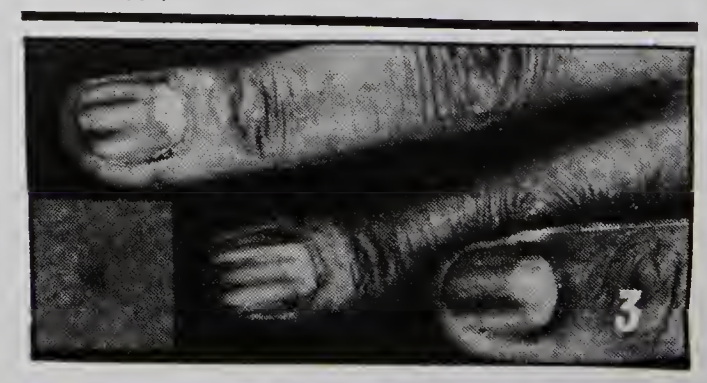
Q. We were amazed at how complex Mayan culture was, as you ahve described it in your writing.

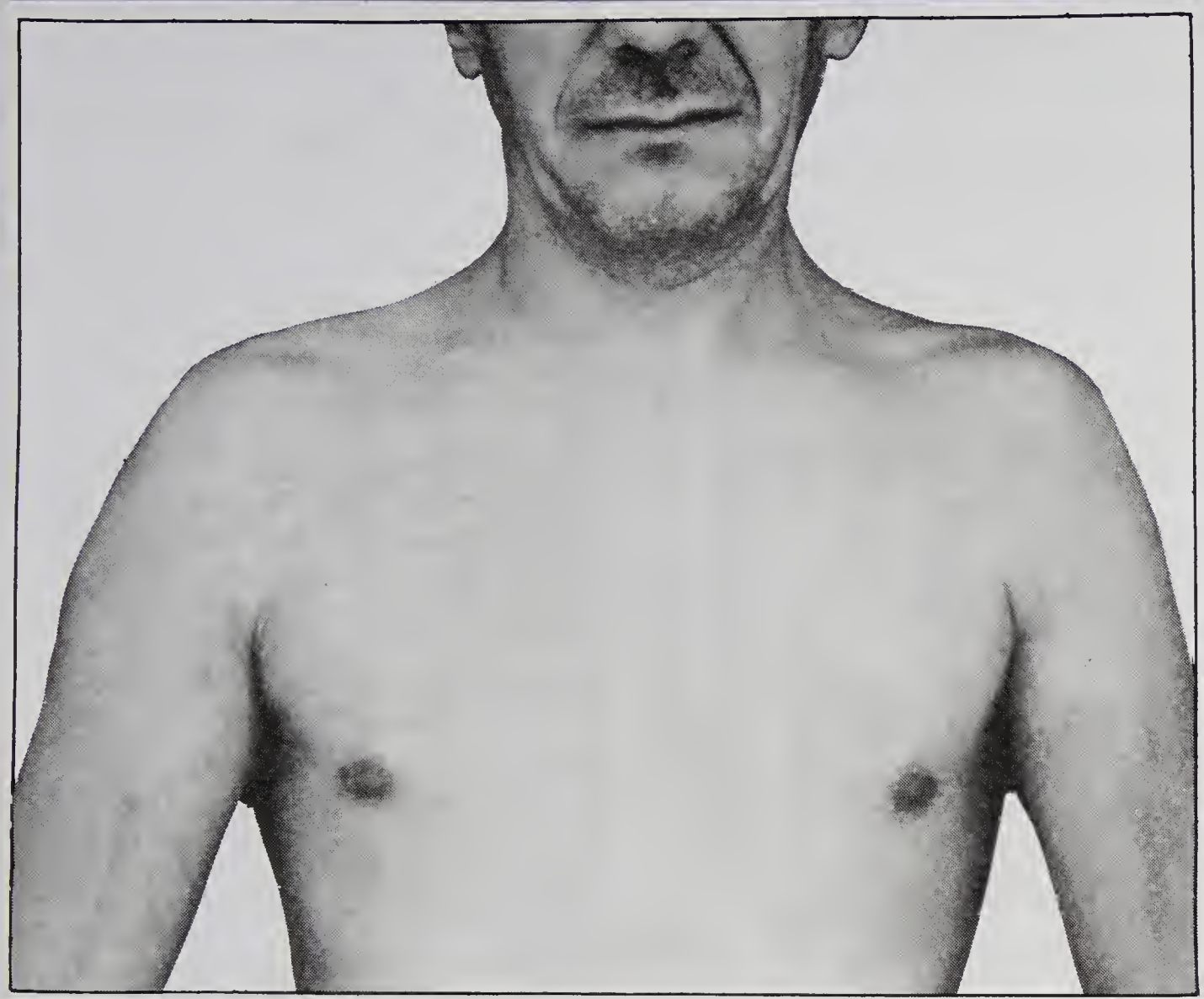
A. Yes, I was talking to Ed Sanders about all the new remote control techniques. I said this is probably nothing new at all; that people have been controlling others by various psychic means for thousands of years. In the Mayan culture the priests were only one percent of the population. They had no police force, and no army, so they must have had some very effective means of psychic control. As I pointed out in the lecture I gave at the Teach-In, if you rely completely on psychic control and anything goes wrong with that, you're really stuck. You've got no police force to fall back on. So in the present system they want to keep both, but maintain some sort of balance. So long as we have these large overcrowded cities, there's always going to be a reason for police.

Q. In your research, you've discussed the Mayan calendar system and that the priests had their own calendar to cycle their existence on. Could you explain that further?

A. The Mayans were isolated. They had very little contact with anyone else until quite late in their history. The priests essentially controlled all the sensory input of the population. So it was really oriented to a complete psychic control.

Q. You talked about using contradictory terms. I remember one example was that instead of telling a revolutionary to submit, you can foster the association of rebellion with submission, then as one message gets stronger, it reinforces the contradictory association.





A. That's an old method of psychic control, contradictory commands. It's what Bateson calls the "double bind". Widespread use of the double bind will produce insanity, but in many cases it doesn't render the victim helpless; it simply means that someone is crippled or limited in some way. Our society is riddled with the double bind, as is any society in a state of change. That is, the old values that people have been taught are no longer valid, no longer operative, but on some level they still believe them. So the whole society then gets caught in a double bind, which of course results in a high incidence of insanity.

Q. What sort of values do you feel we're moving towards, if the old ones are inoperative? What values are taking their place?

A. I would say that the most valuable ability anyone can have is the ability to adjust. This was not as important in a stable society, but ours is not a stable society; in fact, it's very much to the contrary.

Q. In that sense, you've talked a lot about overcrowding in the cities. What's your vision of what will become of that?

A. They are going to have to decentralize, there's no question of that. They'll have to get people out of the cities. What keeps many people in the cities, certainly in New York, are heroin and welfare. You can't get either one outside the city. Just to give people welfare outside of the cities will certainly help to get some people out, particularly those who were already on welfare and were not able to support themselves. But one way or another, they're going to have to get them out.

Q. Do you think the financial collapse of New York City could be a hidden blessing, in that it will expedite the collapse of such centralization?

A. Undoubtedly. And there are still more acute situations in a city like London. That city is really falling apart. Of course, they have no place to put them, and we have: we still have enough room to move people out of the cities, but England doesn't.

Q. What do you think the C.I.A. learned from its experiments with L.S.D.?

A. Not much... but actually they've been experimenting with much more powerful drugs that L.S.D. Ed sanders has got it all in his files. When they first started talking about Olsen and L.S.D., I said "This isn't L.S.D. they're talking about."

Q. Could we go back for a minute to the contradictory messages? You tied that in before with Hubbard's "reactive mind".

A. Well, I have come to feel that no such entity exists as the "reactive mind". You see, his "reactive mind" is another term for Freud's Unconscious, which is also a very dubious concept to me. Naturally we know there are things people know and don't know they know, or that they want but don't know they want... which is not to say there is something called the Id and something called the Reactive mind. It seems to me to be a very static, almost mystical, concept. Just where is this wondrous reactive mind, in relation to the human nervous system? Ego, Id, and Superego? I mean, where the hell are they? Just floating around in the air? Anything that affects the human nervous system must have some location in the human nervous system.

Q. You believe in the Will, don't you?

A. I think it is a more or less meaningless concept. When someone talks to me about Will, I don't know what they mean.

Q. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. In your lecture you said a person without a will could not survive.

A. Well, let's substitute the word "motivation". Now certainly any living organism has a motivation, right? It's hard to imagine anything you could call a living organism that has no motivation.

Q. Where is that in relation to the human nervous system?

A. From head to foot. Korzybski said you think as much with your big toe as you do with your brain, and probably a lot more effectively. He spoke of neuro-muscular intention behavior, the behavior of an organism as a whole with respect to its environment. And that of course applies to all organisms—plants, animals, humans.

Q. During Watergate we had some of the deepest media coverage ever, yet now we hear only of Ford's morning swim and breakfast toast. What reason do you see for this change in perspective?

A. Well, in Watergate the story had just run out.

Q. Surely you're aware of the work of radical investigators and some of the information they've turned up?

A. They have done quite a bit. I've written a series of columns on this for *Crawdaddy Magazine*. Among the things they have come up with are behavior modification, drugs of course, psychology... but one, radiation, nobody picked up on. And I said "What in the hell do they mean by radiation?" Just what were these experiments? What kind of radiation? Nobody asked these questions. They let that one, and a lot of others, slide through. Coming up with this old stuff like assassination—there's nothing new about that. Secret services of all countries have been doing this for hundreds, probably thousands of years.

Q. Right. But if this information did reach the masses of people, if Mark Lane's lectures on the Warren Commission were seen on prime-time television, it would have an impact.

A. Just because of our national hypocrisy. It would not surprise the man in the street in England or France to know his Government was planning assassinations, overthrowing governments, etcetera...

Photographs By Stuart Smith

DEMAND IT FROM YOUR DEALER
BURN
JUNITA
COAL
FOR HEAT JOY
FROM BOWIE COLO.
HOT CLEAN
ECONOMICAL

GWEN'S
OLD CHARM
SHOP

Lightworks Centerfold

"Selected events, places, phenomena and curiosities."

MUSIC

Eclipse jazz began its second session of jazz in Ann Arbor with a pair of rare performances in Hill Auditorium: Chick Corea and Gary Burton: Solos and Duets (September 25) and Keith Jarrett in solo concert (October 23). In an attempt to make jazz musicians and their music more accessible to their audience, Eclipse has embarked on a series of workshops with guest artists. This series commenced with an informal 90 minute conversation between pianist Keith Jarrett and a group of well over 100 people.

Eclipse will continue their program of fine jazz with a concert featuring Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society on December 5 at 7:30 and 10:00 pm at the Michigan Union Ballroom. Other artists tentatively slated to appear in '77 include the following: Charles Mingus Quartet, Anthony Braxton, Mary Lou Williams, and Muhal Richard Abrams.

Local Motion is a coalition of community organizations, businesses and individuals in Ann Arbor. It attempts to guarantee the survival of local institutions serving human needs, such as health care, legal aid, child care, housing, education and culture.

Local Motion, a community sustaining fund, was formed to raise money for groups and to provide educational and skills-sharing services as well. Its basis of support is a

ALTERNATI

Commercial publication generally implies centralization, over-selectivity and hyper-marketability. Small presses stand as an alternative print access which delivers vital content along with greater creativity. Bear Claw Press is a most notable local example. Their works are beautifully and thoughtfully written, designed and illustrated. Consider Bear Claw's editorial statement:

> Bear Claw Press publishes works concerning peoples of the Fourth World---the traditional peoples of the earth. We believe that those who have been most fully at home on this continent have the most to teach us. In producing materials which convey something of the wisdom and beauty of their cul-

2% tax on goods collected by participating businesses.

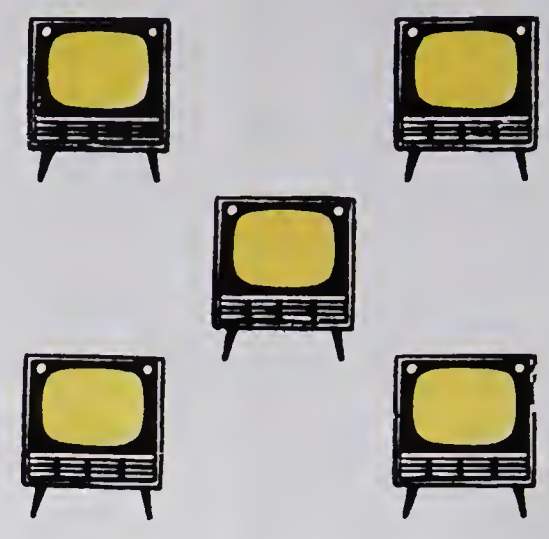
At the last semi-annual disbursement which occured in October, money was awarded to the following organizations: Hunger Coalition, Welfare Rights Advocacy Office, Child Care Action Center, Child Care Referral Service, and lightworks magazine.

VES

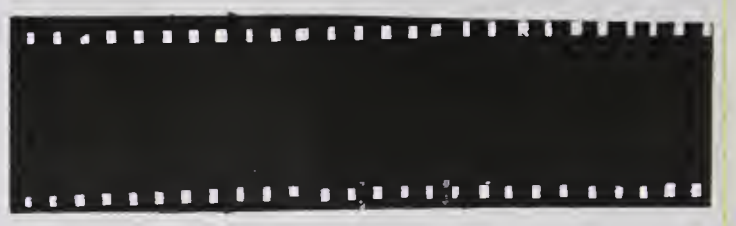
tures, we pay homage to them individually. Each has its own greatness and its special mission on earth. We believe that merely abstract understandings of "Indian" culture are inadequate, particularly in the light of ongoing political and economic struggles.

Recent publications include the 1977 *Bear* Calendar, *Born Tying Knots: Naming Poems of the Swampy Cree People* by Sam Makidemewabe, translated by Howard Norman and *Notes From Custer* by James Heynen, poems of the Black Hills today with Sioux translations, a Plains Distribution selection. To obtain copies of these works check the local bookstores or contact the publisher: Bear Claw Press, 215 Bucholz Court, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

MEDIA



Cable T.V. Public Access Channel 9 is running a health series Monday nights from 8:30-9:30. The schedule is as follows: "Cardiac Arrest"-December 6, "You Can Learn About Cancer"-December 13, "Cancer Prevention"-December 20, "Blood Donation"-December 27.



The Ann Arbor 8mm Film Festival continues to grow both in its scope of contributing filmmakers and in its following. The 7th Annual 8mm Film Festival, sponsored by the Ann Arbor Film Cooperative, will be held on February 11-13, 1977, in Schorling Auditorium, School of Education, University of Michigan. The deadline for entering films is January 24. Entry fees: $5.00 first film, $3.00 for any others. For information, write: Ann Arbor 8mm Film Festival, P.O. Box 592, Ann Arbor, MI.

WDET will broadcast National Public Radio's coverage of the 1976 Nobel Award ceremonies to be transmitted from Stockholm, Sweden, via satellite, on December 10, 1976. A major event in the international community, this year's ceremonies are of particular interest to Americans; all seven recipients are U.S. citizens. This is the first time in the 76-year history of the Award that all the winners have been citizens of the same country.

Coverage of the Awards Ceremony will be heard over *WDET* on December 10 from 10:06 to 11:40 A.M. In addition, *WDET* will broadcast coverage of the Winner's Banquet that same day at 3:00 P.M.

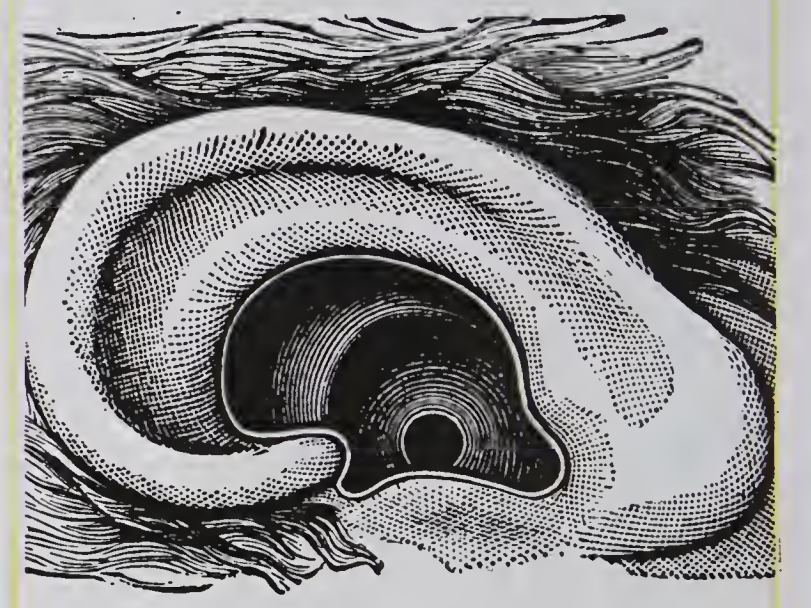
NPR coverage of the Nobel Awards will include a half-hour documentary about the Nobel Prize in which past Prize winners and current Nobel Foundation members, and the Selection Committee will be interviewed. NPR will then transmit live coverage of the Awards ceremony, traditionally a mixture of speeches and music, in which this year's winners will be introduced by their Swedish colleagues. In addition, NPR will provide live coverage of the Winner's Banquet at which Saul Bellow, recipient of this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, will address distinguished guests of the Swedish Royal Family.

ANN ARBOR

A Gay space flourishes at 612 S. Forest, in Ann Arbor with hours from 7-11 p.m. In addition to sponsoring pot-lucks, dances, a resource center, and 24 hour telephone counseling the Gay Community Services offer nightly dialogues: SUNDAY: Gay Alcoholics Anonymous at 6:30, MONDAY: Community Meetings at 7:30, TUESDAY: Gay Issues discussion at 9:00, WEDNESDAY: Gay Academic Union at 7:00 and Student Night at 8:30, THURSDAY: Health and Sexuality at 8:00, FRIDAY: Social Evening with refreshments at 8:00, SATURDAY: Saturday Night Gathering at 8:00.

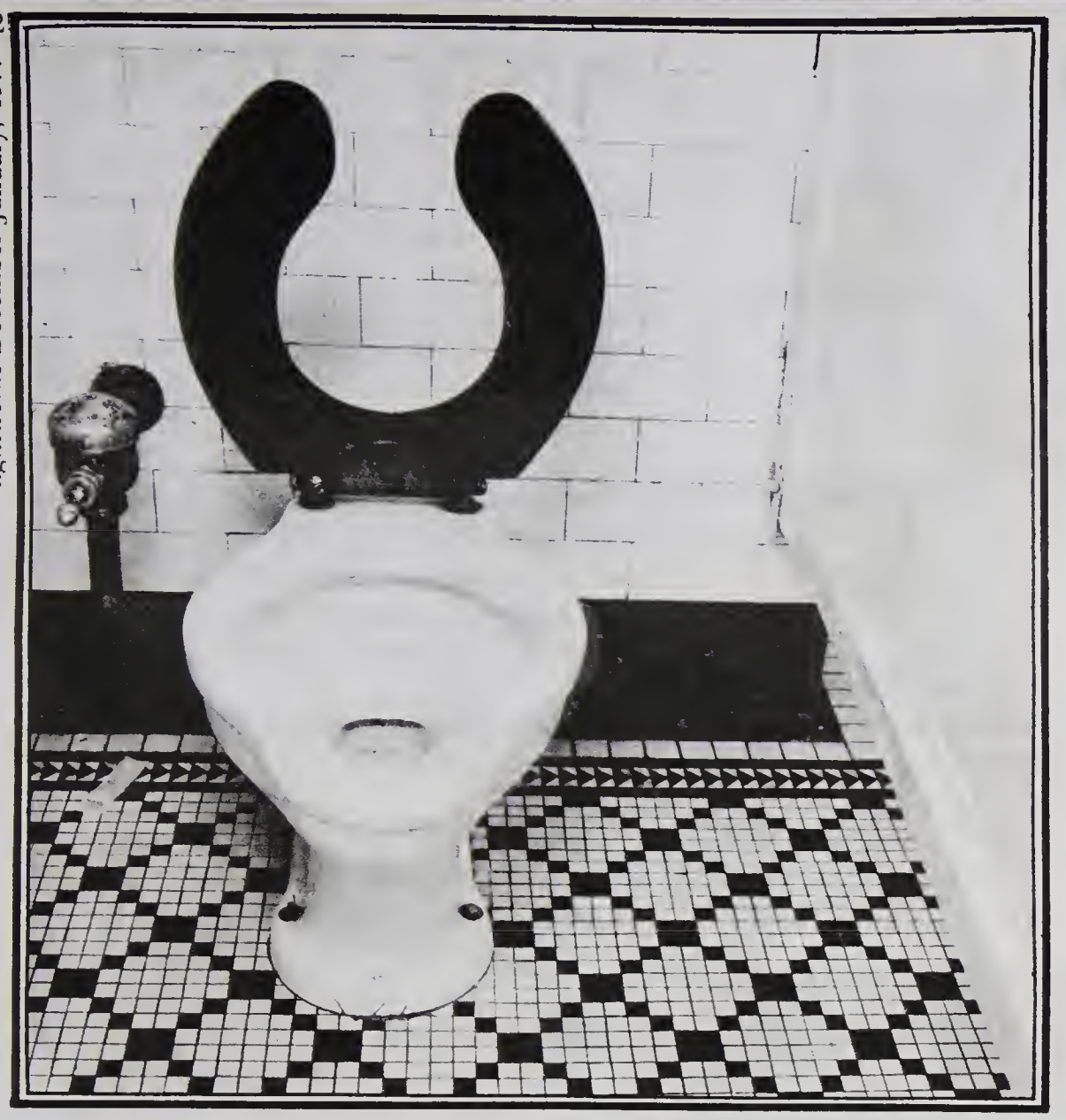
For more information call 665-8858 or the Gay Hotline 662-1977.

Dan Gerber will read his poetry on Tuesday, December 7, at 4:10 p.m. in the Pendleton Room of the Michigan Union. He is a graduate of Michigan State University and for five years held a job as a professional racing driver. His style is clean and unacademic; and Gerber's reading should be of interest to those steeped in the Motor City culture.



Guild House of 802 Monroe, Ann Arbor, offers Thursday evening poetry readings at 7:30. Readings are as scheduled: December 2: Debbie Schwartz and Bart Plantegenga, December 9: Jerri Holister, Doren Paul, Vic Ottati and Jeff Wine, December 16: Joy Hen, Marty Hurwitz and Charles Wunsch. Forthcoming a new bi-weekly Guild House Publication on the poetry series will document the readings and authors. Anthologies of works delivered there are slated for the future.

Currently the Womens' Crisis Center of Ann Arbor is assembling an indexed guide to audio-visuals on the subject of rape. This resource will be used by teachers, mental health workers, law enforcement agencies, and others who would find it of use. If you or your organization has produced a film, video or audio tape on any aspect of the problem of rape and sexual assault and seek distribution of the product contact the Women's Crisis Center, P.O. Box 413, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.



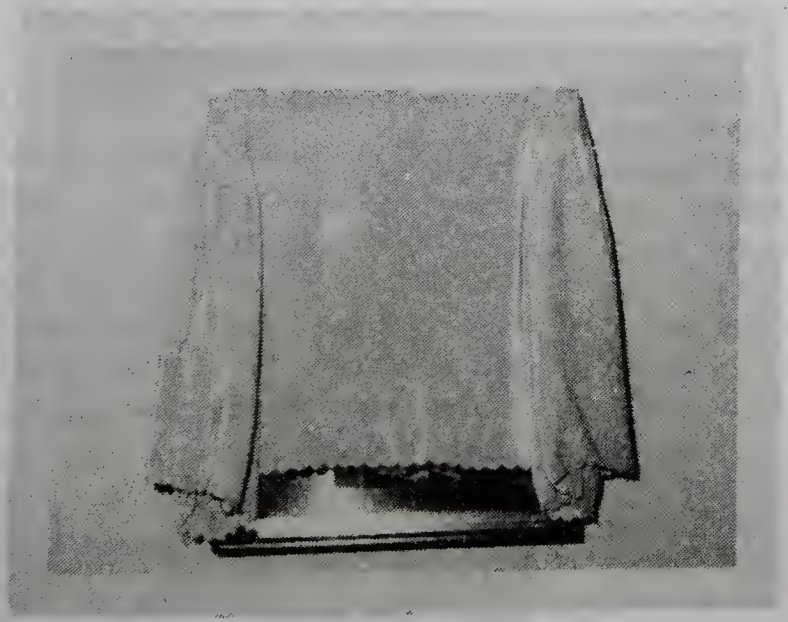
ANDY WARHOL: HOMAGE TO RICHARD MUTT [1975]

A. Warhol: Homage to R. Mutt (1975), the first Joint-Assisted-Ready-Made, will be featured in the next issue of INTERMEDIA, a Los Angeles interdisciplinary journal of the Arts, Resources, and Communication. The only authorized photograph of the art object, to be published for the first time in INTERMEDIA, was taken by the Ann Arbor photographer Olivier C. Carduner.

An accompanying article states unequivocally: "*A. Warhol: Homage to R. Mutt* (1975) is the single most important *objet d'art* created in America since Marcel Duchamp's *R. Mutt: Fountain* (1917)." Whereas Duchamp's work was produced nearly sixty years ago in New York City, the homage to Mutt was created in Ann Arbor on September 15, 1975, when Warhol was touring to publicize his new book *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol [From A to B & Back Again]*.

Veiled in a shroud of secrecy pending INTERMEDIA'S early 1977 release, Charlton Burch of *lightworks*/image based community arts and media magazine, nonetheless talked about the work with its co-creator Lionel A. Biron who is collaborating on a critical edition of Tristan Tzara's *DADA* periodical to be published in Nice next Spring. "I handed Warhol the object," Biron stated, "with the intention of raising it to the nth power in honor of Rrose Selavy." Upon further questioning he would only add that a full description of the Joint-Assisted-Ready-Made will appear in *Intermedia* in the same article in which the art object and a limited signed edition of the photograph will be offered for sale. When asked about the moral issues surrounding this sale, he placidly concluded the interview by saying: "Oh, yes. The Capitalist Paradox. You must own it. You simply cannot live without it. And with it you will die."

You may obtain INTERMEDIA, No. 5/6 (Winter 1977) by writing directly to: INTERMEDIA, c/o Harley W. Lond, 2431 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. 90026. (Subscriptions: $5.00 for four issues)



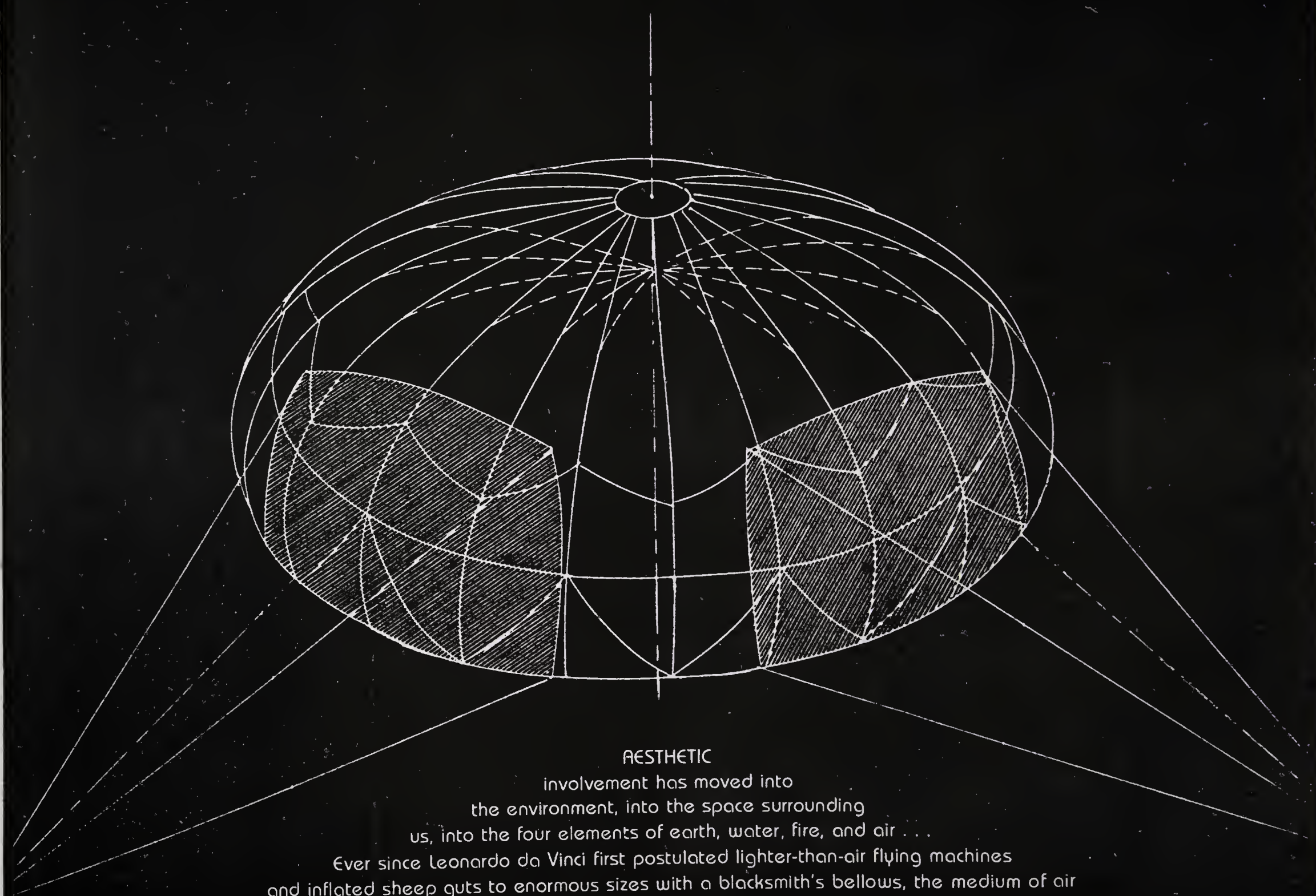
JOINT-ASSISTED-READY-MADE BY LIONEL BIRON & ANDY WARHOL

THéâtre MICHEL
40 rUe Des mathuriNS
venDredI 6 et saMedI 7
JuiLLET
1923
SOIRÉE
DU CŒUR
la grande semaine
a été prolongée
jusqu'au 7 juillet
ARBRE
TCHéREZ
OcatiOn :
Bernheim Jeune, 25, Bd de la Madeleine
Durand, 4, Place de la Madeleine
Povolozky, 13, Rue Bonaparte
Au Sans Pareil, 37, Avenue Kléber
Six, 5, Avenue Lovendal
Paul Guillaume, 59, Rue la Boëtie
Librairie Mornay, 37, Bd Montparnasse
Paul Rosenberg, 21, Rue la Boëtie
et au Théâtre Michel, Tél. : Gut. 63-30
OrganISée par !
PrIX
Une place de loge ..... 30 fr.
Fauteuil d'orchestre..... 25 fr.
Fauteuil de balcon 1er rang..... 15 fr.
Fauteuil de balcon..... 12 fr.

Bill Short

Floating Theatre

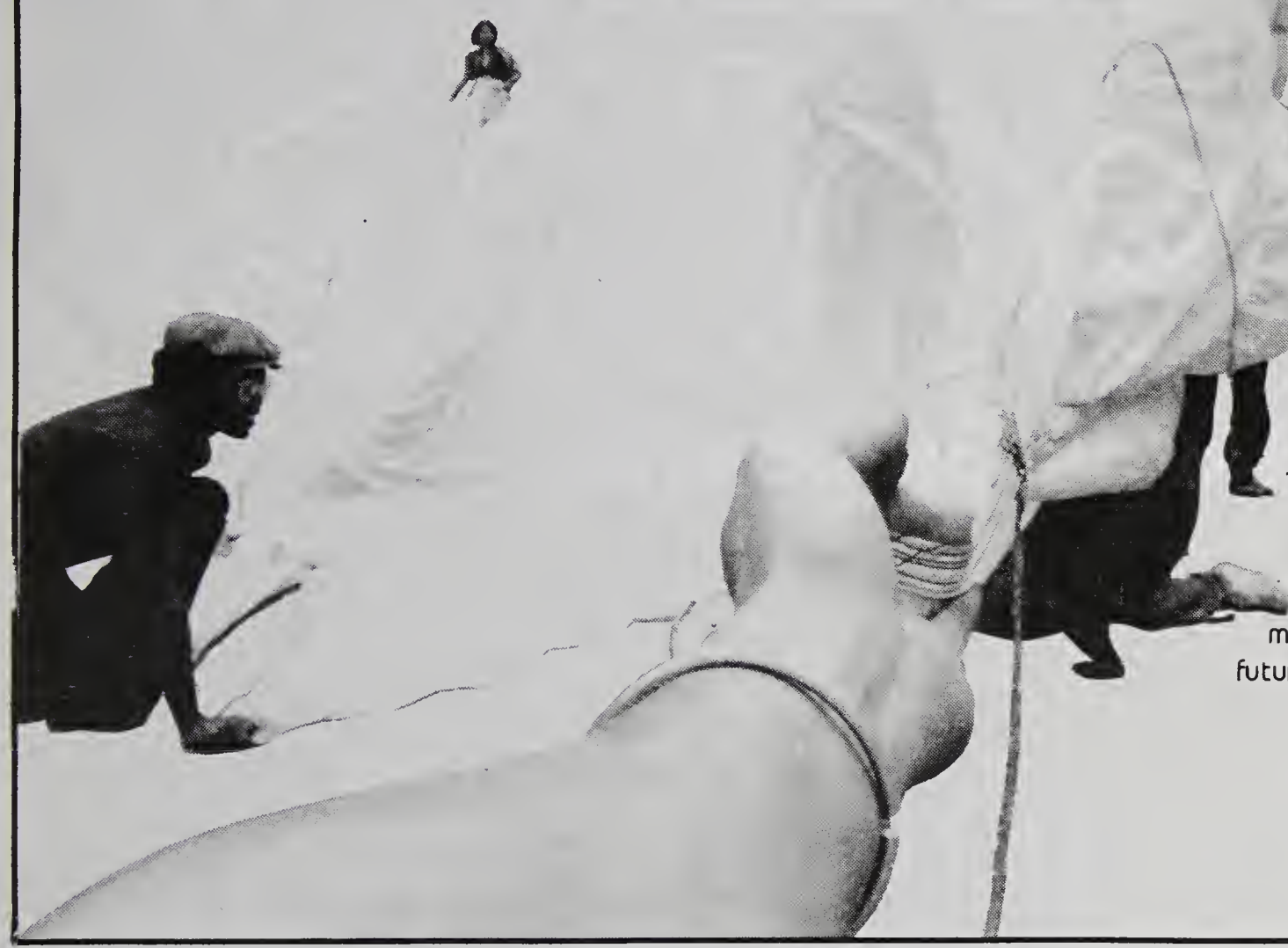
By Robin Graubarth



AESTHETIC
involvement has moved into
the environment, into the space surrounding
us, into the four elements of earth, water, fire, and air . . .
Ever since Leonardo da Vinci first postulated lighter-than-air flying machines
and inflated sheep guts to enormous sizes with a blacksmith's bellows, the medium of air
has transported man's imaginings to the rarest altitudes. Through the atmosphere into airless space have
soared the flights of fantasy. And man did fly, did move through the three dimensions of space, did pierce the heavens with the skyscrapers of Babel. Air permeates our metabolism, fills space, is both contained and infinitely expanded, creating currents and movements in the polarities of space. Duchamp contained it in the glass ampule of "50 cc of Paris Air", Moholy-Nagy directed its compressed form for the levitation of a chisel in 'mid-air', and Buckminster Fuller encompassed it within domes for a complete environmental control. Why should it not then be logical to construct an architecture upon air itself?

- from a statement by Jud Yalkut, "Real Castles In Imaginary Airs: The Visionary Architectural Sculpture of Yukihisa Isobe"

The matrix of this work developed into spiritual multimedia, an architectural voyage, an art form performed by audience-participants and artist- technicians alike.



Tensil structures have been developed for several years. These concern the stresses of membranes and nets, making possible light-weight structures covering larger areas with greater ease. Tensil-stress pneumatic structures can be readily made from light, collapsible, and very strong membranes. Tensil-stress pneumatic structures are part of a large group of suspended and stretched structures . . . The Hot Air Balloon System, using warm air, can also easily support a membrane structure . . . In the case of the Floating Theater . . . it was required to build a large membrane, floating in space. A 32 foot diameter circular parachute canopy was suspended and stabilized within the performance space, and activated by air flow from beneath. The air flow . . . required 10 to 15 thousand C.F.M (cubic feet per minute), with four to six fans (in this case, one fan with 18,000 total C.F.M. was used) making possible continuous air-flow supply . . . All of the aforementioned have the flexibility which affords the space necessary and suitable for total environmental involvement. They are expandable, and are the homes of the future for truly multi-dimensional theatrical happenings.

- from a statement by Yukihisa Isobe,
"Floating Structure and the 'Floating Theatre'"

It is possible to construct not only a flowing, media environment in space, but a soaring air architecture as well, where theater takes place all the time wherever one is.

Such a design and structure for a floating theater was originally conceived and adapted by Yukihisa Isobe and Jud Yalkut. The first actualization of their collaboration was the presentation of "Dream Reel", a media event performed indoors in Oneonta, New York in 1969. Seven years later, "The Floating Theater", a conceptual evolution of the same piece, was performed outdoors in and above Courthouse Square in Dayton, Ohio on September 16, 1976. This public multimedia event was collectively realized and performed by members of the Contemporary Media Study Center and was co-sponsored by the Dayton-Montgomery County Bicentennial Commission and the Dayton City Beautiful Council.

The basic technology and media program of the piece were the simultaneous use of 8 slide projectors, three 16 MM film projectors mounted atop scaffolding as its optic nerve, an integrated audio tape as its acoustical impulse, police band walkie-talkies and a huge wind generating fan as its electrical scan, and one beautiful 32 foot paracahute as its magic.

As you walk up to the square and stand directly underneath the

2

3

parachute, which serves as both screen and theater, colors, lights, and projected images flicker in front of your eyes, peripherally, and even behind you, indeed, upon the total circumference of your awareness. You can also feel air in motion breathing by your face coming from a rotating fan which billows wind into its rainbow bubble container above. The richness of the atmosphere is dynamic and fused: the quality of softness and lightness of the buoyant theater, the excitement and changing energy generated by dancing images, ethereal hovercraft, making a loop around the vision, the sound of music which enlivens both the electrovisual field and the abstract senses. This is a multimedia experience.

A pattern and progression emerge from the software program of the Floating Theater. In a temporal sense, the city of Dayton and Southwestern Ohio as a metaphor for historical change - past, present, and future - are seen in some 80 slide changes/washes for eight separate projectors, prepared by Jeni Engel and Jon Graubarth. Starting with an early cultural documentation largely from washes of sepia engravings and old photographs from the People's Bicentennial collection

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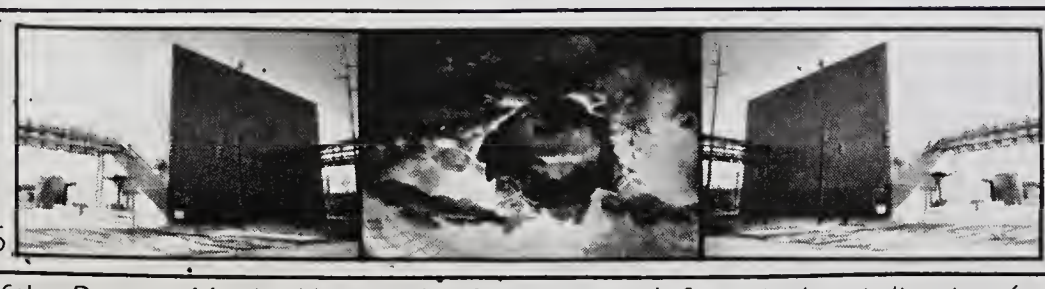
Robin Graubarth, is a free-lance filmmaker, writer, who savors media arts, life sciences, and other lunch poems. She is also a member of the Contemporary Media Study Center and thank you Jon for those eye filters.

Bill Short



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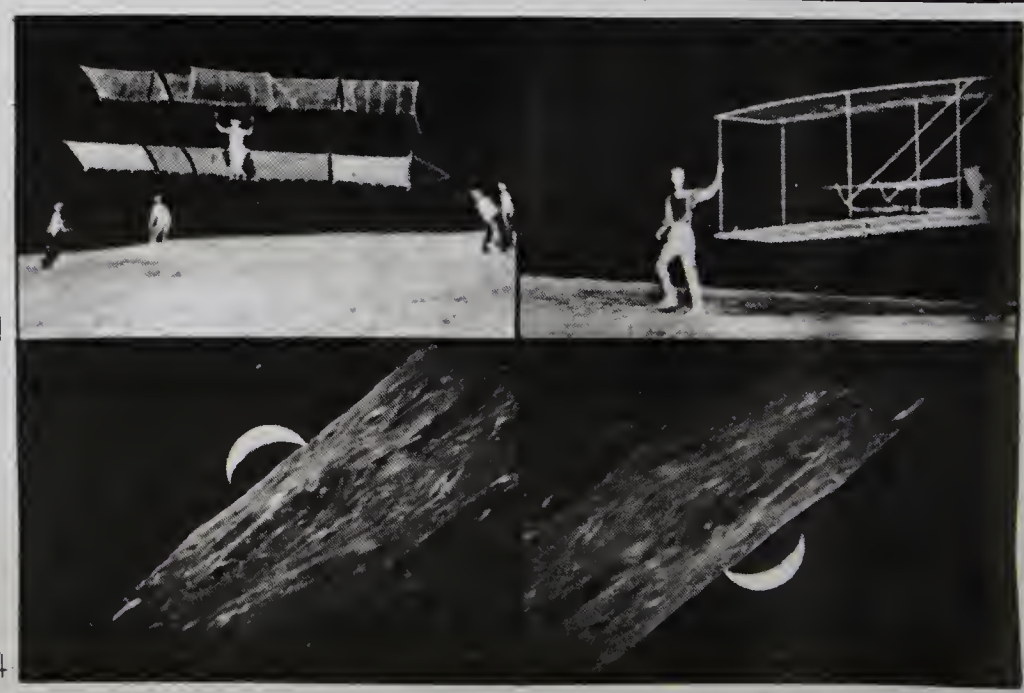
of the Daytan Media House, the focus soon shifts to industrialization (see wash #1 of the invention of the first solar cell with the hand holding the test-tube of industry and a series #5 representing the use of the elements showing two power plants mirror-imaged beside a slide of "implosion" by Jon Graubarth). Dayton, a city of space and Birthplace of Aviation, is symbolized by the wash of the monoplane invented by the Wright Brothers. Space exploration as a continuum af man's search for new frantiers is another example of the thematic visual information af the program. The slides in series #4 from the United States Air Force show crescents which are the earth peeking from beyand the surface of the lunar coaxes, and there are a whole grouping of slide changes which illustrate klymatiks and celestial planets, as in wash #6. Yalkut pragrammed a progression af 16 MM films which weave in and out of the music and slide experience. Film is again another rhythm, a different media language and electric circuitry to the shaw. The emphasis an the media message/massage is significant in the series #3 af video images. They illustrate, in the center, a photograph by Yalkut of a videa tape prepared by Name June Paik of Marshall McLuhan, flanked at either side by twa segments which have been put through an Image Pracessor by Dan Sandin and phatagraphed by Chris Cipson.

The sound airwaves are filled with echoing vibrations af visual, sensary impressians, lagical impravisations, spontaneausly ordered, af many connected subtleties of color, timing, language, and theme. Sounds of roats music of the islands, ethnic African Mbira whispers, and peyote chants af native Narth Americans are mixed and bridged by the shreiks, blats, moans, melodies, and prayers of the jazz of Ornette Coleman, Dewey Redman, and Don Cherry which synthesize with space temple/electronis music amid the galaxies of the crab nebulae. The sound cassette produced and mixed in Chris Hertzler's sound studio by members of the Cantemporary Media Study Center and played over the downtown Dayton Muzak system is part of the natural synergy of the Floating Theater.

The matrix of this work developed into spiritual multimedia, an architectural voyage, an art farm performed by audience-participants and artist-technicians alike. A large number af community members blended in their persanal talents and efforts so that the event was truly multilevel communicatians art process.



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CONTEMPORARY MEDIA STUDY CENTER

The Contemporary Media Study Center is a collective of people dedicated to the communications arts - the appreciation of, accessbility to, and creation of works of contemporary media. The primary forms of media study and expression of the Center are film and video. To these may be added the emerging technologies of holograpyy, kinetic art, and electronic music, as well as continuing explorations in multimedia, environmental events, and the integration of media in dance, music, and theater.

The Contemporary Media Study Center seeks to provide facilities and access to equipment to those persons interested in individual training in the media arts. The Center also aims to educate the public at large through public screenings, artist's shows, and the presentation of media-related events. Through the publication of regular Center newsletters, articles on media events, and original research and application of media technologies, the Center hopes to further develop a regional audience receptive to both programmed and open, classic and experimental media. The emphasis of the program is education and creativity in contemporary communications arts.

The instantaneous nature of electronic informational media involves all of us all at once. Members of the Center are sensitive to the qualities of dynamics and design in the communications medium as well as in interpersonal contact. Present members of the Contemporary Media Study Center include dancers, filmmakers, video artists, musicians, electronic technicians, actors, graphic artists, writers, and other patrons of the arts.

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GUERNICA
BY LUIS ARGUETA

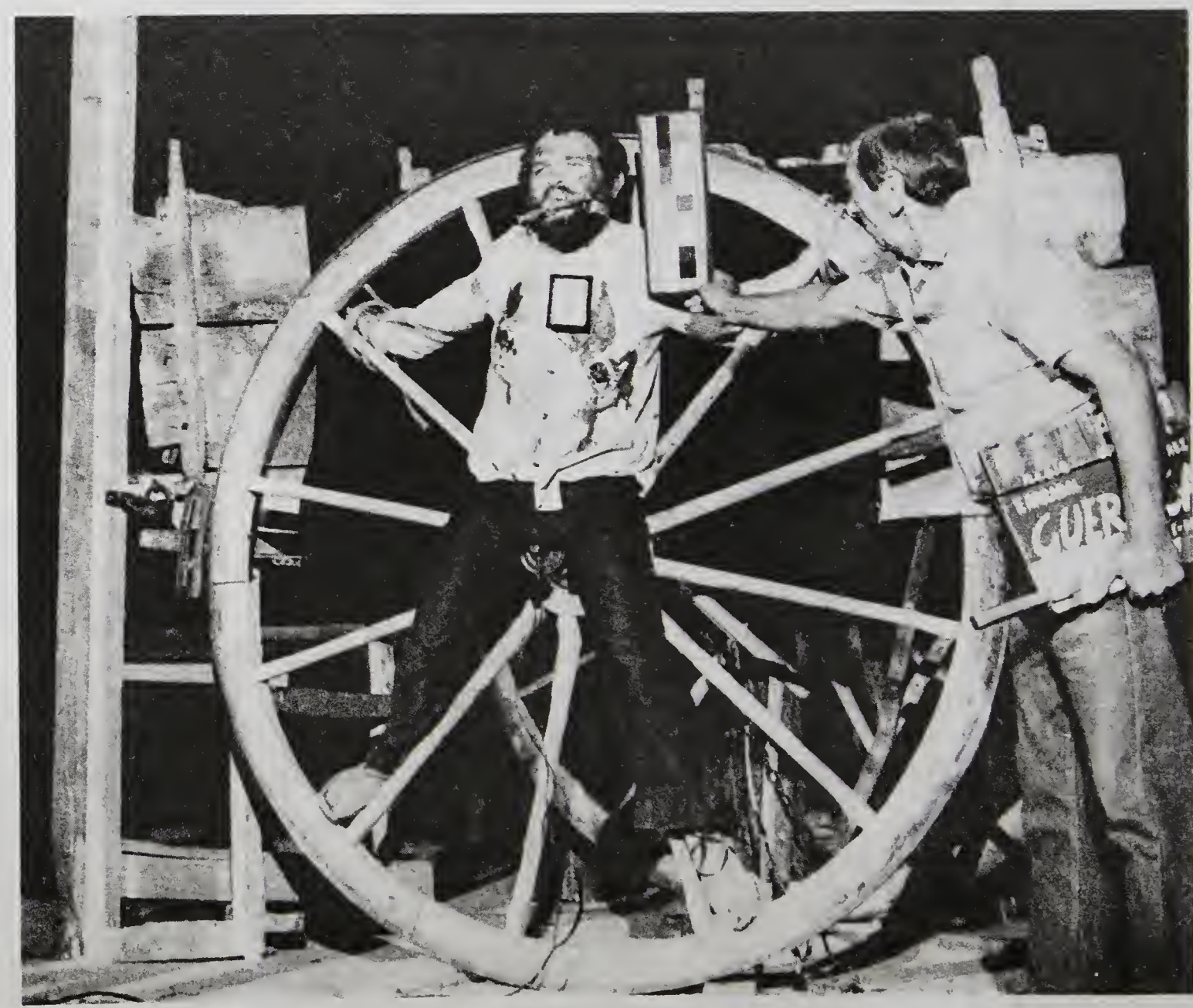
Arrabal's third film, "Guernica" premiered in Paris on November 19, 1975, just a few hours before the death of Francisco Franco in Madrid. Almost forty years earlier General Franco had approved the bombing of the small Basque village of Guernica by the nazi air force. When the smoke cleared, among the ruins, the blood and the screams, the most cherished and respected symbol of the province, the tree of liberty remained standing.

When I learned the news of Franco's death I remembered the last image of a documentary about the making of "Guernica": Arrabal gets up, turns towards his interviewer and says: "When this film comes out, Spain will change."

I first read the scripts of "The Tree of Guernica" (the complete title of the film) during the summer of 1974. Arrabal said that there was a vague chance of making the film within the following 18 months. The big companies, however, did not want to risk touching it. "It is very good" they would tell him, "but you know how things are in Spain. We already lost their market once by producing a film which was not too pro-Franco and his regime." In December of that same year Arrabal told me that the film had a good possibility of being made soon and asked me to work in it with him. On March 25, 1975 I received news that "We are starting to shoot June 16."

Three weeks before that date I arrived in Paris. The preproduction work had been going on for some time and everything appeared to be going smoothly. The pre-selection of stock shots from newsreels of the Spanish Civil War had almost been completed; the cast had been selected, the crew was complete and the Italian co-producers were preparing everything else in Rome. We were expected there two weeks later.

Luis Argueta is a Guatemalan-born actor, filmmaker and writer who is presently a graduate student at the University of Michigan



THE ITALIANS HAVEN'T SIGNED...

June 4, Orly Airport, 8:40 a.m.

Up at 6:00. Karina had to almost knock down the door before I could hear her. (Leaving Paris is always difficult). We met Ramon at *Invalides*. Arrabal and Claudine were already here. The plane is delayed one hour. Good: Arrabal has something to tell us: "Things don't look too promising. We have only one sure thing: the plane tickets. The Italian co-producers have not yet signed the contract with the French producers." "What are the chances they will sign it?", we ask. "Not so good, it seems. There might not even be a film to make." "Do we have round trip tickets?" "Yes: Paris-Rome-Bari-Rome-Paris. But we might even have to pay for our own hotel. I am going but under these circumstances I cannot ask you to go unless you want to take the chance." "Al agua patos! We are going."

...BUT THEY ARE WAITING FOR US

Rome, 1:55 p.m.

The producers were at the airport, waiting "Con los brazos abiertos." It is amazing how Rome never has a heart attack with such high traffic pressure. There will be elections in a few days. Seems as if our fears were groundless. Everybody looks ready. Oscar, Tina, Massimo (art department), Tonti (camera), Damianti (crane & dolly), the production secretaries, Ken Legargeant (the French producer's delegate). Lab tests later today. Tomorrow the whole group goes to Matera. Tonight: Hotel Margutta (around the corner from the street of the same name were Fellini lives). 6 p.m. Ramon and I go out for a walk. His friend Vittorio is not at the gallery which he bought not too long ago. The P.C.I. is having a public meeting. They are expected to gain some votes in this election. In Via Francesco Crispi 66 nobody knows Jeannie McNeill anymore. Dinner at "La Penna del 'Oca", Cafe y Sambucs en "Canovas." Bed.

HOTEL PRESIDENT AND SASSI

June 5, 10:30 a.m.

Sunny, warm, fresh. Maybe is the language and not the weather but anyway Roma feels envigorating. Ken gives us our first "per diem." Three meals a day should be paid from it. When shooting starts the production provides lunch and you pay for two meals out of your "diaria." Lunch at same place as last night. Cosimo Cinieri will play one of the cousins. Ron Faber is coming from New York to play the son. Yes, Mariangela Melato is confirmed. Francesco Cinieri (Italian co-producer) says things are not final but that some money has arrived. Three taxis to Fiumicino. It seems understandable that most people don't call this airport by its other name: "Leonardo da Vinci". The plane leaves on time. Very rough ride. I have never seen Arrabal so pale.

6:00: Bari has a small airport but big farewells and huge welcomes. The plane lands a mile or two from the terminal and one boards on a bus to get there.

"Avis Rent a Car"; "Matera: 60 Klm." The trip is full of jokes, talk about Belice; The Guatemalan government is increasing its border troops. "What is the capital of Ethiopia?" "Addis Abbaba." It was in Matera that Pasolini shot "The Gospel According to Saint Mathew." 7:00 p.m.: "Hotel President." From now on, simply "Il President." "Sassi?" Rocks Yes, rocks. Walls of them, houses in them. Matera is half deserted, a ghost town, half a ghost town.

THE FIRST WAIT

June 13, 9:00 a.m.

In half an hour we'll drive to Bari to catch Alitalia 377, leaving at 11:00 for Rome.

It has been a busy week. The day is come to have its own schedule. Breakfast in bed is unnecessary but pleasant. By 9:00 we are at the stadium playing improvised hand ball or running or playing tennis on clay. From 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. we go scouting for locations, usually Claudine, Ramon, Arrabal and me. Then lunch and then we meet to discuss how the script will be adapted to fit the locations we found. Arrabal's favorite phrase is "¿Qué más tocino podemos poner aqui?" Ideas come up, drawings, jokes, the outrageous are discarded, the imaginative are kept and we go on to play poker. A break, a coffee, pin-ball, "granita", a movie (just saw "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre", dubbed in Italian of course).

The "per diem" comes more or less regularly but we eat at the hotel at least once a day (besides breakfast) in order not to spend it all on food.

The Italian crew and production staff left two days after we got here and contact has been through telephone, almost daily. Things are going rather slowly: Luso France and Babylone are the French producers, money is also coming from an advance given by the CNC (Center of National Cinema) in France; CILE is Italy (But since it stands for CInieri and LEgargeant, and the latter is also Luso this is not clear...) There is a salesman who has the rights on the film for the rest of the world (except Portugal, Spain, Italy and France) and who will also put up some money. The main problem seems to be that the film has been budgeted at a level higher than the monies to be received allow. Two days ago we talked about making the flim with a reduced crew and without known actors. The "Guerilla team" is formed. "If necessary we will take over one of the houses in "el sassi" and live there throughout the production." But then something has happened, somebody has bought part of the film, we must go back to Rome. Arrabal has to sign a new contract. It is 9:30.

ACTION

July 7

The contract was signed. The "Americans" bought the rights of the film for the rest of the world. Roger Richman enters the scene. The French lawyer does likewise: Debosk. He thinks I am a policeman because I take notes. The whole crew arrived yesterday in three trucks. So today we start. First scene: Goya leaving Madrid in the middle of a Republican demonstration. I arrive half an hour earlier at the location. The extras arrive, a small cannon is already there, the last props are obtained. Ron Faber arrives and so does his "contrafigura" (who will ride the motorcycle since Faber doesn't

know how to do it). Arrabal arrives. The tracks are set "Nous sommes pret?", "Casi." "Siamo presto?!" "On i va." "Let's go!" The crowd watching has swollen considerably, but when asked to keep quiet they do. Arrabal can't stand still. He adjusts his director's viewfinder, refuses a chair somebody offers him, sucks and bites his thumb, and is unable to keep his left leg from shaking. "Per favore, silenzio! Tutti pronti. Non guardate la machina d'appressa." "Estamos listos Fernando. Cuando tu digas." — "Action!"

THE WRONG UNIFORMS ARE FOUND

July 14.

Faber doesn't walk like a penguin in the tropics any more. But the tanks never arrived. We have only three cannons. The plane will come, we are assured. "The falcons?" "Yes, the six falcons for the scene at the castle when the count is talking to his nephews about the uprise of the army." "Six?!" "We'll have two, probably, for sure one."

However, the uniforms were found: the wrong uniforms. Now, instead of 200 Spanish Civil War uniforms we have 200 Second World War Italian uniforms, no officers decorations and no bull-fighter's suit. Jose Antonio is to leave for Madrid immediately and bring back the suit, the decoration, and the miniature Spansh flags.

SABOTAGE

July 21

Today we were going to film the scenes at Vandale's house: The attempted rape, and her leaving for France the day the war begins. At 10:00 a.m. Karina, who worked on the decoration of the house for two and a half weeks, comes running to the set. "They've destroyed it all! Everything. Every object, every vase, the door, the bed, even the tree outside the entrance. It is horrible." She is very upset. We hold her and say almost nothing. The schedule is re-arranged. At the end of the day we go to the house: even the old bottles placed in a dark corner were smashed. Was it meaningless vandalism or have the Guerilleros de Cristo Rey bothered to come this far? From now on two policemen on motorcycles will be with us day and night.

THE STRIKERS DRINK CHAMPAGNE

July 28

The "Guerilla Team" (Arrabal, Claudine, Ramon, Marozook, Karina, Susana, Jose Antonio, and myself) announced three days ago that unless our contracts are finalized by the end of the month and our salaries paid, we will go on strike on the 31st. By now cast and crew know it. The producers are rather upset. "I will not break my contract" says Arrabal "on the 31st if we haven't been paid, we'll get up early, take a camera and a car and go around the block shooting the walls until we have completed as many feet as I am required to shoot per day."

July 30

At 5:00, when we returned to the hotel, Debosk, the enigmatic French lawyer was waiting for us in the lobby. Half an hour later each received a check for 2500 francs (@ 580 dollars). The other half will be paid at the end of production. The strike is called off and we drink champagne.

ARRABAL'S INQUISITION

August 4 8:10 p.m.

Arrabal's work room in "Il President." The bishop of Matera is due any minute. He asked to see "The Director" as soon as possible. The interview was arranged in two hours. It is obvious that the news of certain scenes have reached his ears. "It will be the conversation between a Spanish Jesuit and an Italian bishop" says Arrabal. The phone rings. He is downstairs. He can come up. Everybody leaves. I stay to be the translator between them. The bishop states the reason for his visit: "I feel sometimes that my profession keeps me a little removed from what is happening in the world so I wish to ask a man like you, a man of the cinema who has daily contact with the world, what he sees happening to people. What is the conception of God in the world today? Is this a question people are still interested in? What does Jesus Christ represent for them?" Arrabal's pipe is not lit but he continues to suck on it: "Monsignor, I am more a writer than a man of the cinema." Arrabal gets a copy of his threatre magazine from his desk and hands it to the bishop. "I have written over 40 plays but this is only my third film." The conversation goes on without either of them making direct statements in regards to the film's so called questionable scenes. Fifteen minutes later we accompany him to the elevator. Once the elevator doors have closed behind him, Arrabal turns to me and says, "What lack of respect I had for him. I considered him a policeman and therefore I lied to him. I showed him the book so that he would know that I write. The cinema is more commercial, a writer is more respected. I am only sorry the book was so small."

ARRABAL'S CONFESSION

August 7

8:30 a.m. Piazza San Pietro Barisano. I arrived here ten minutes ago and met a man so convincingly dressed as a priest that I had trouble believing he was an extra. Arrabal arrived and we walked up to him. "Hola Luis." "Buenos dias, Fernando." "Estamos listos?" "Yes, but before we start I would like you to meet Reverend Papinutti, who has so kindly allowed us to use his church today." "Reverend it is a pleasure to meet you." He kisses the 'priest's hands and adds: "I am very grateful for your help." "Fernando," I say "but there is one small condition: the reverend would like you to go to confession before we begin filming." "Well, O.K. Does he speak French, or Spanish?" " No, he doesn't but he says it is O.K. with him if I translate. So if you don't have any objections . . ." "No, not at all." We went around one side of the church and the confession took place. The 'priest' did not wink once and I was able to control my nervousness and my bad conscience long enough to carry it through completely. As we were about to enter the church to start working, Tina, the decorator, came to us, said "Good morning" and turned to 'Reverend Papinutti' and said: "You better go get that cassock

cleaned." Arrabal realized what had happened, and as I ran away, I heard him shouting: "You cop, those are police tactics! Que cabron!"

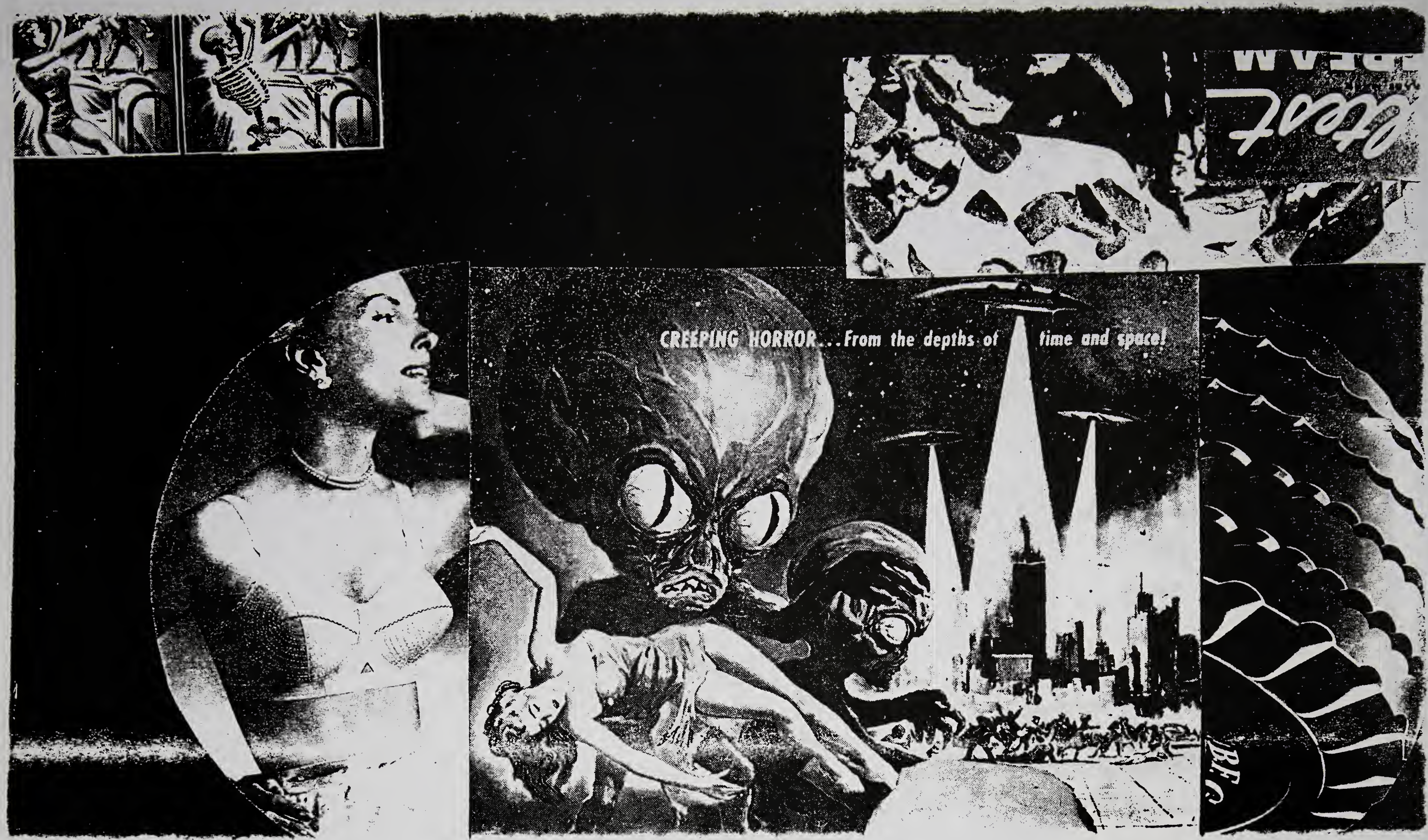
THE HOSTAGES DRINK CHAMPAGNE AND WAIT

August 13 Il President

The crew left three days ago. The cast also. Arrabal too. The production staff, the decorators, Ken, Katherine, Marozook, Latifa, Susana and I remain. The hotel has not been paid and we are the hostages until the money arrives. If we leave they will send the police after us. I am outraged but don't escape because I want to see the last act of this absurd little drama. We take rides in "Truli" (a Vespa 150), play pinball, see movies ("Frankenstein Jr." and "The Sheriff is in Prison," that is what "Blazing Saddles" is called here) and instead of white wine for lunch and dinner, we drink champagne. After all, some day (soon we hope) the producers will pay the hotel bill.

They did, four days later. We headed southeast, crossed the Messina Strait and toured Sicily. After a few days in Naples we arrived in Rome and soon thereafter began work on the editing. After many delays and long discussions the editing was finished around the middle of October. We left for Paris where the music and the effects track were prepared. On November 3 we began the mix and finished November 7. The original French version of "The Tree of Guernica" was ready. "Guernica" opened in Paris and Franco died in Madrid. I was in Rome supervising the making of the Italian and the English versions.

On April 9th Mariangela Melato and I fielded questions from an aroused audience in Philadelphia on the same stage where Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter would go mute five months later. "Guernica" was enthusiastically received at the Philadelphia Film Festival. On the 21st of May the film began a six week run in the 68th Street Playhouse in New York. New Line Cinema has acquired "Guernica" and is expected to release it in the near future.



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Ann Arbor

from the Air

There's nothing like getting a new perspective on something familiar: aerial photography can provide one with an entirely new outlook on one's environment. In particular, our sense of space and movement can be heightened with an enhanced awareness of the expanse of our immediate environs. Focusing in on recently developed areas of the city, namely the North Campus area of the University of Michigan, the Arborland Shopping Center to the southeast and Briarwood Mall to the southwest, the pictures on the following page, taken over six year periods beginning in 1940, dramatize the rapid growth of our locale, Ann Arbor. As subdivisions and commercial developments replace farmland, and expressways areas, this growth becomes readily apparent.

Thanks to Charles Olsen, Professor of Natural Resources, University of Michigan for his assistance.

Briarwood and I-94.

Arborland and U.S. 23

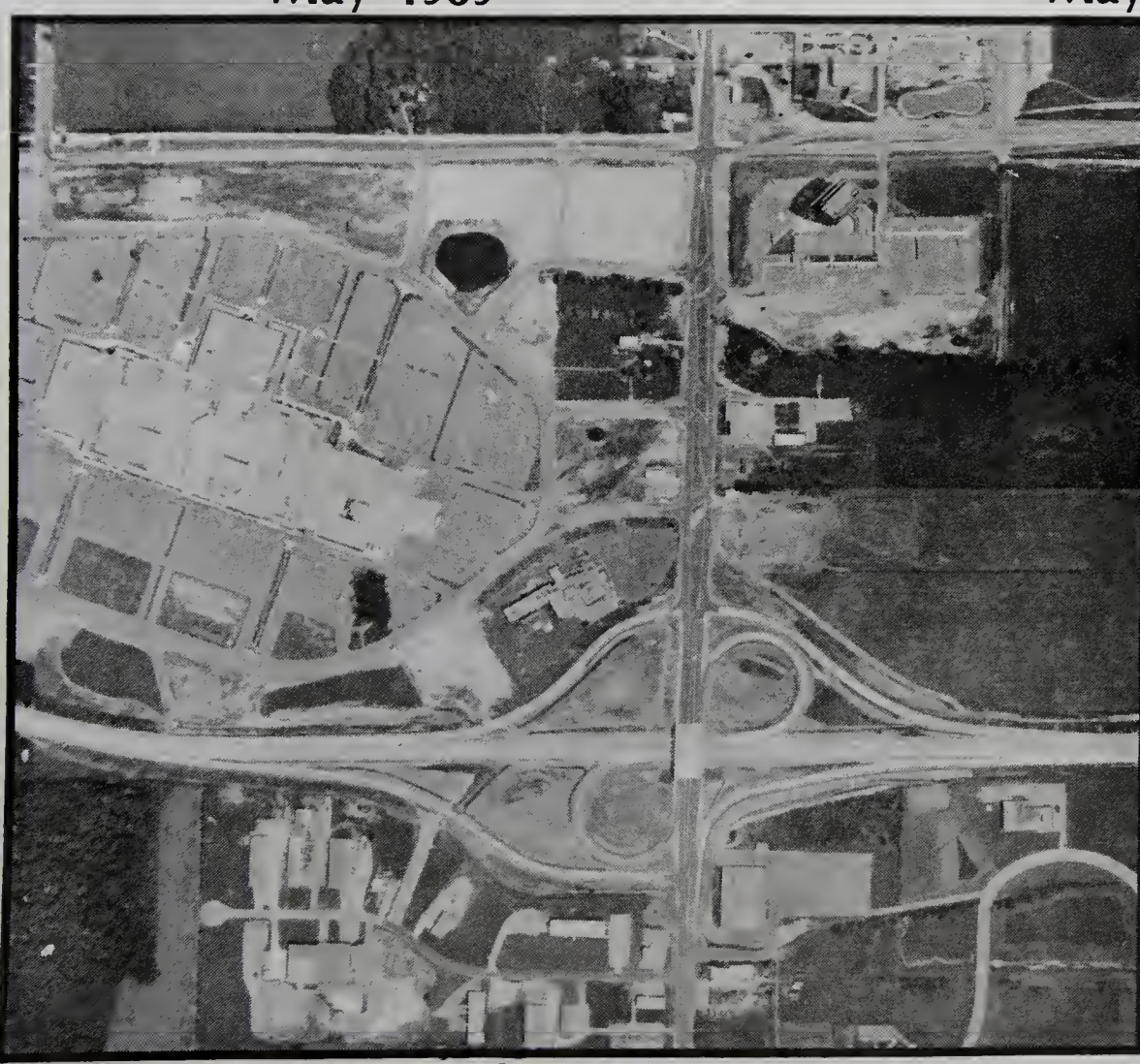
North Campus

October 1940

July 1940

July 1940

May 1969



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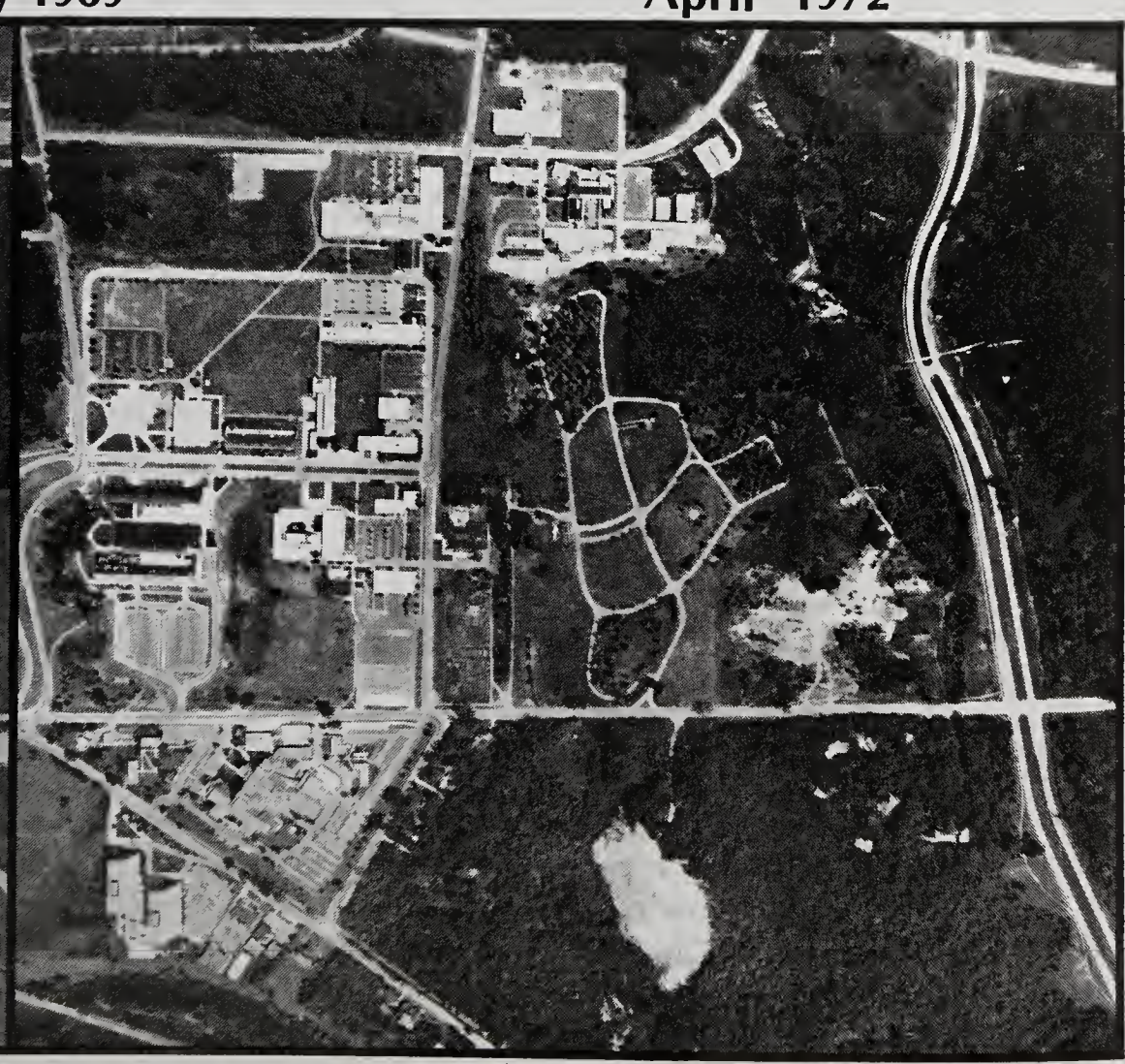

April 1972

July 1975

July 1975

1940, 1969: Photographs taken for the United States Department of Agriculture from about 14,000 feet Film: Super-XX/Wratten 12 filter
1972: Photographs taken by Capitol Air Surveys, Madison Heights, Michigan from about 10,000 feet Film: Super-XX/Wratten 12 filter
1975: Photographs taken for University of Michigan by Kucera Associates, Inc., Mentor, Ohio from about 4,000 feet.

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2.) Bardolino comes from the region surrounding Verona. The wine is a blend of different grapes and this 1971 vintage is dry and robust. . . . A little less than inspired but at the righteous Kroger's price of $1.49 it is a deal.

3.) Zinfandel is a varietal grape type unique to California. By law every bottle must contain at least 51 % Zinfandel grape. I'm not sure how much Z is in this bottle but it is delicious. $3.19 is the retail on this 1973 vintage. . . . Buena Vista, the vinyards. The dry and twiggy quality makes this one a knockout.

4.) Rioja Vega 1970 is Spanish wine specifically from Bodegas Muerza in the North. In the style of the French Bordeauxs the taste is dry and delicate, improved greatly by about 1 hour of breathing as are most young red wines. Breathing, of course, is allowing the wine to simply stand uncorked in the bottle, thereby oxidizing the contents.

5.) The village of Vosne-Romanée is in Burgundy. It produces wines filled with subtle yet full-bodied taste. This 1970 is a most notable example. It is brought to us by Barton & Guestier, the largest French shipper and ranges between $4.50 and $8.00 depending on where you find it.

6.) The designation Beaujolais-Villages indicates specific prime wine-producing spots in the area. This fruity, light and perhaps a bit sugary flavor is a delight, especially along with the Village Corner price tag of $3.19.

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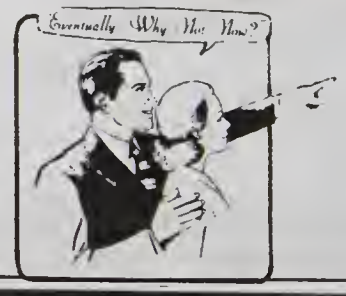

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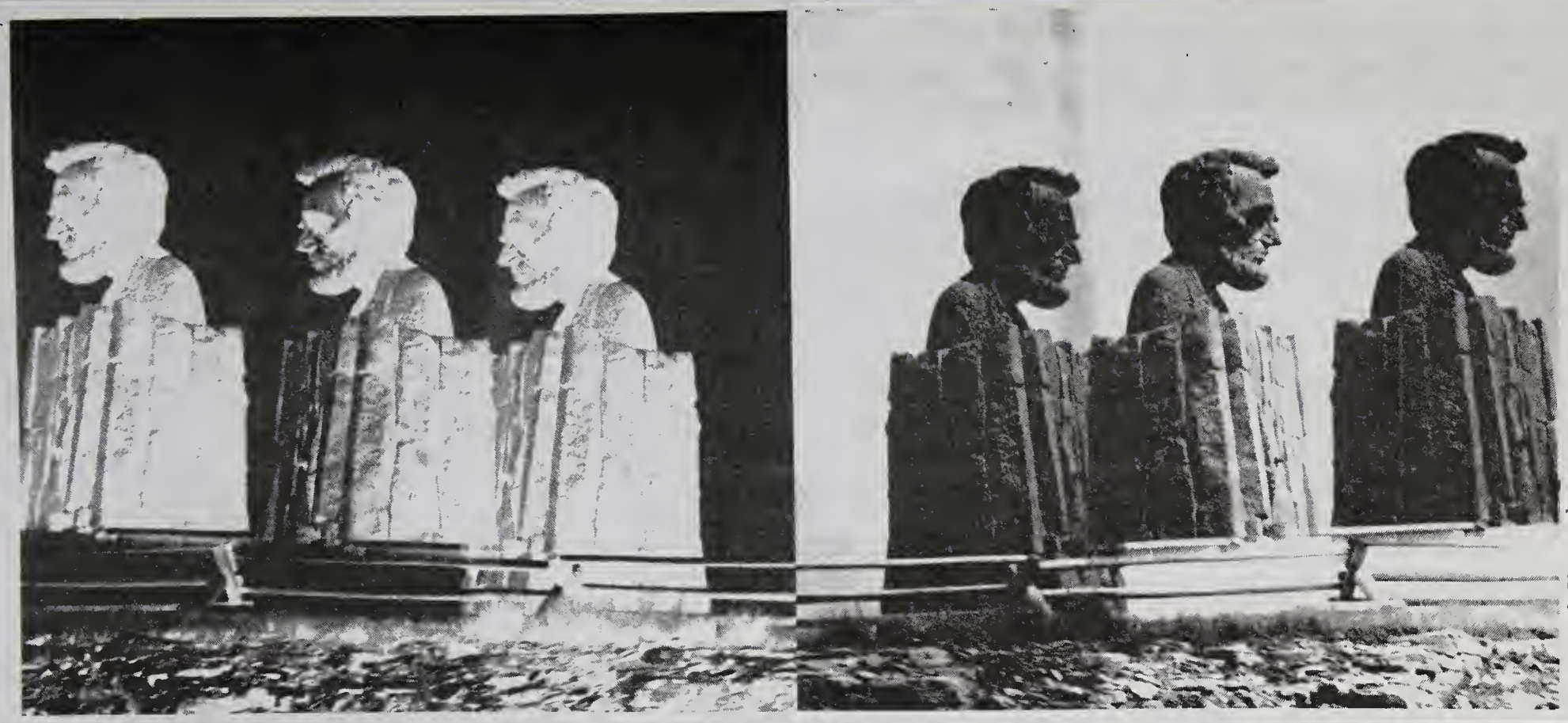

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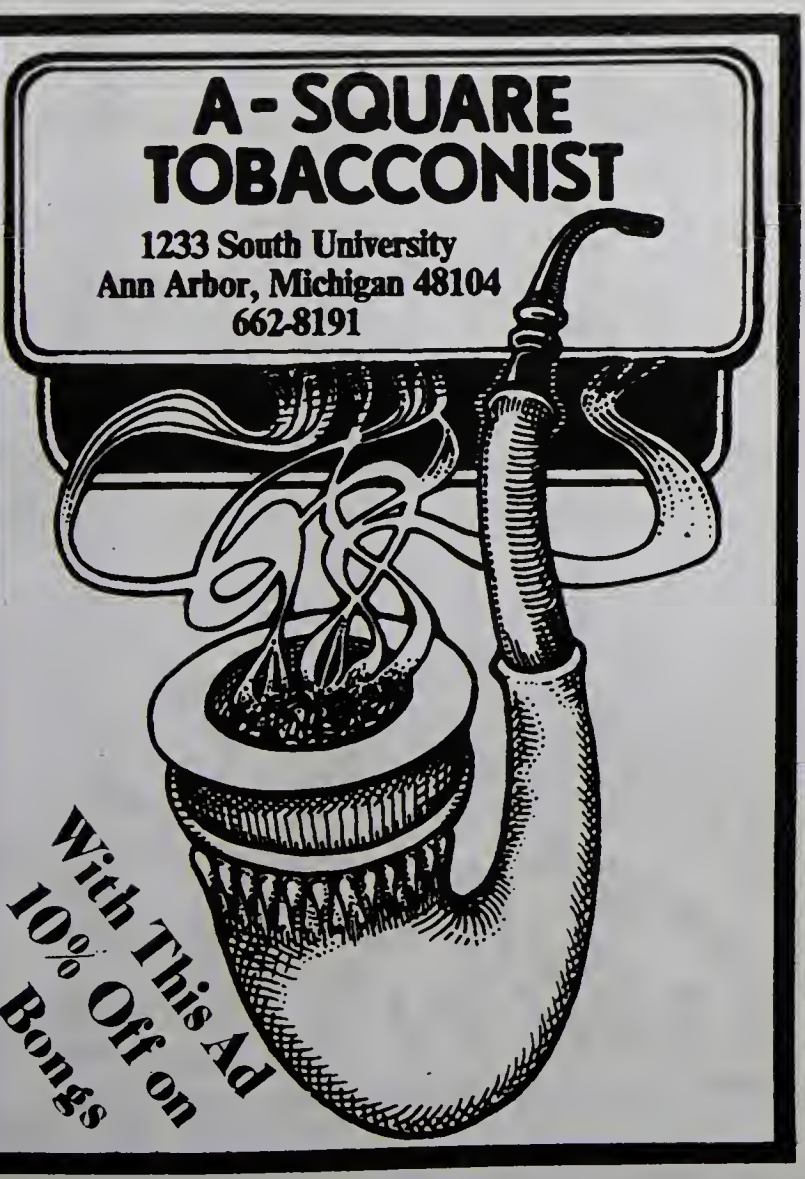

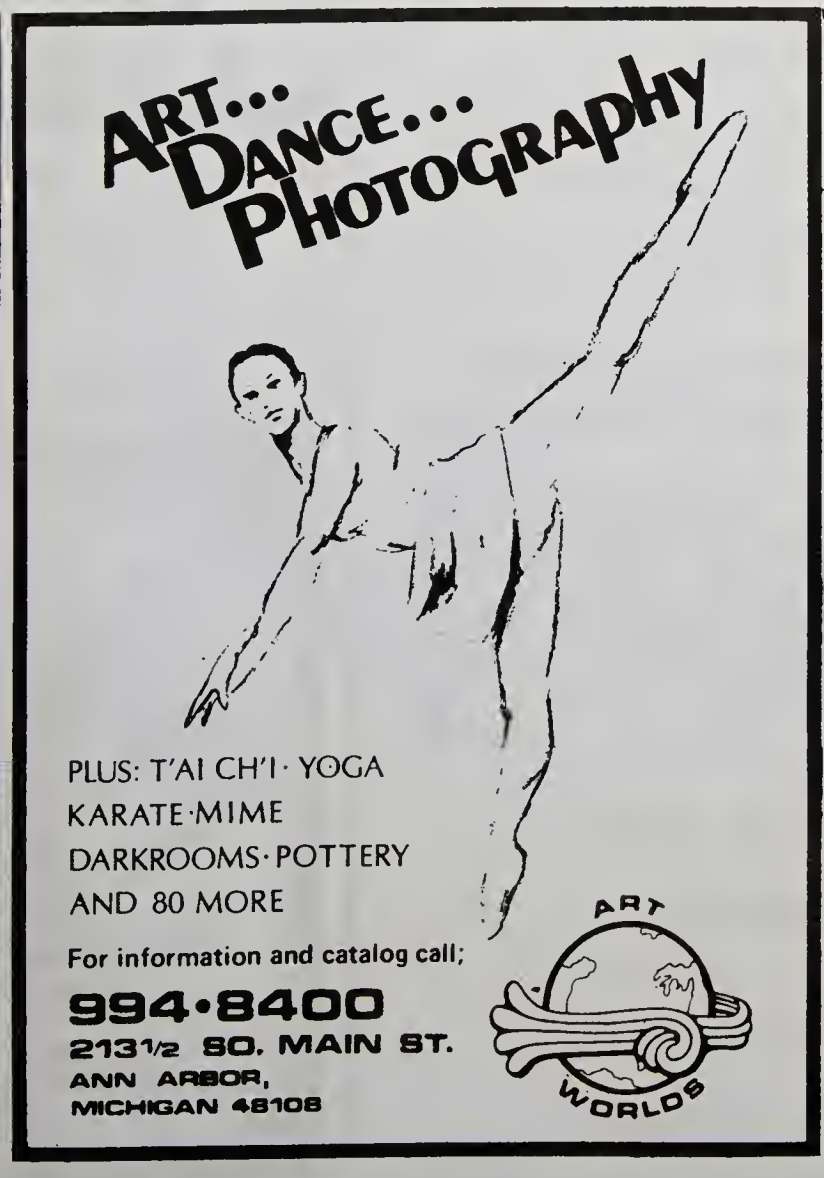

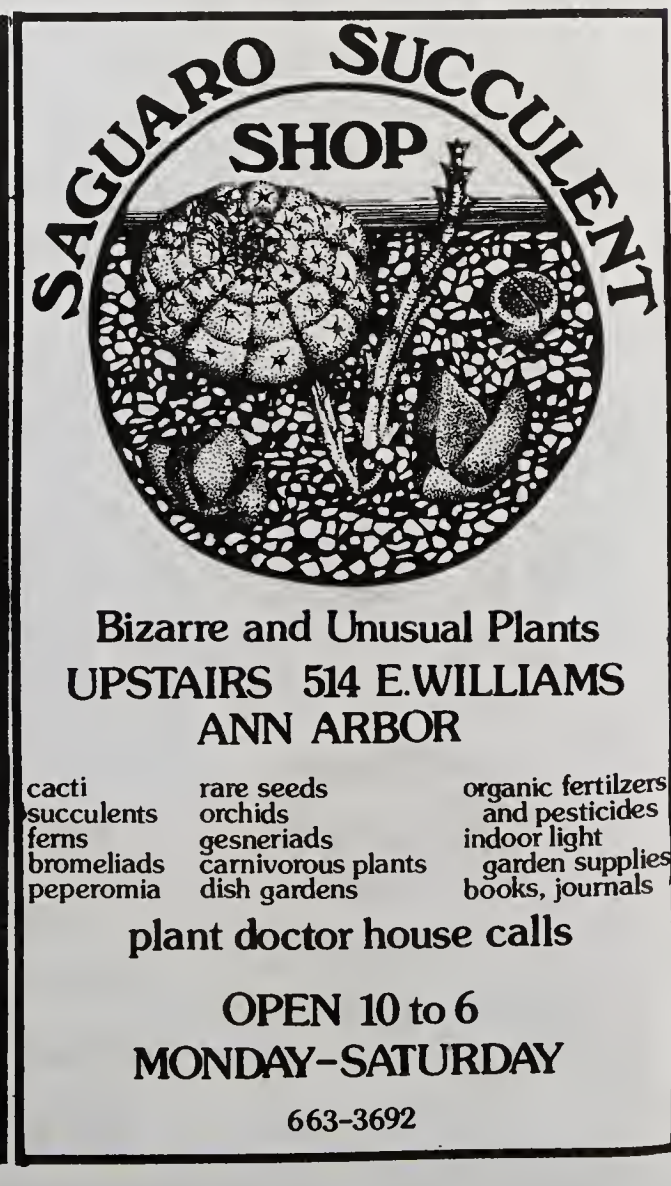

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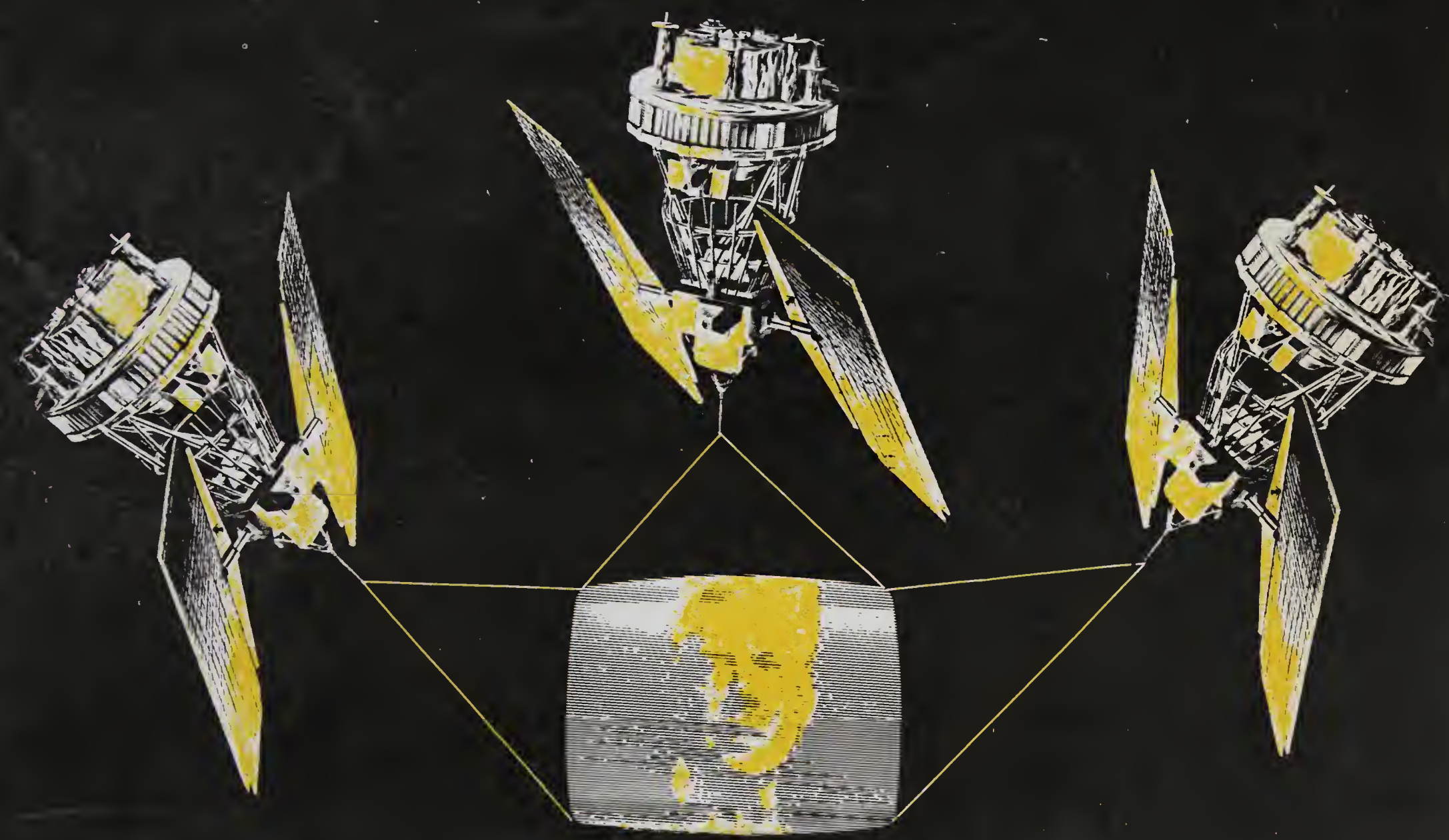

Midwest farmlands surround the I.T.D.S. Relay Station in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

American scientists are working on a new form of T.V., an International Television Display System [I.T.D.S.] Taking advantage of the *aurora borealis* effect, three geosynchronous satellites beam color television picture information onto the magnetic field of the earth's upper atmosphere. Solar "mega-collectors" provide power for the satellites to display television information relayed through a microwave link with ground stations on earth.

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